ST. ANTHONY IN ART

MARY F. NIXON ROULET

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TO

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER

MARIE ANTOINETTE ROULET

SAINT ANTHONY IN ART
and OTHER SKETCHES

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MURILLO.

CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

ST. ANTHONY'S VISION.

Saint Anthony in Art

AND OTHER SKETCHES

By MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

Author of "With a Pessimist in Spain," "Lasca," "A Harp of Many Chords," "The Blue Lady's Knight," "God, The King, My Brother"

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Saint Anthony in Art

Saint Anthony in Art

IN the great city of Lisbon, in the year 1195, there was born Ferdinand Martin de Bulleons, the son of very noble people of high rank. The father was descended from Godfrey de Bouillon, famous in the Crusades, while the boy's mother, Doña Maria Tavera, traced her lineage from a sovereign of the Asturias.

Brought up by an uncle who was a priest of great sanctity, Ferdinand early showed the piety of a saintly nature. When he was only fifteen, he determined to give up the world, retiring to a monas-

tery near Lisbon, and thence he was transferred to Santa Cruz, near Coimbra, where he met the Franciscan friars whose influence on his life was to prove so strong.

These friars were guests at Coimbra on their way to preach to the Moors in Africa. They were very holy men, and Ferdinand was much impressed with their sanctity and devotion. When they met martyrdom at the hands of Miramolen, the Moorish king, and their relics were brought to Coimbra, the young priest's desire was aroused for a more austere life than that which his order demanded, and his wish to preach the gospel to the heathen led him to seek entrance into the Franciscan order.

"I wish to be as poor as Our Lord," he said.

"Go, then, if you will become a saint," said one of the Community, in sorrow at losing so beloved a brother as the young Portuguese.

"When you hear of my being one, you will praise God," said Ferdinand, prophetically; and twelve years later he was canonized by Pope Gregory IX.

Ferdinand took the Franciscan habit in 1220, becoming Brother Anthony, and living a retired life for some years.

His desire to go to Africa was ungratified because of his poor health, and Italy was the scene of his greatest labors.

There were at that time many wrong doctrines springing up in various provinces and threatening to undermine the unity of the Church; and the "silver tongue" of the young Franciscan seemed to strike a heavenly music into the discord of

men's souls. Wherever he spoke they listened and wondered. With words of loving exhortation he brought to penitence the most wicked of men, and especially was this true of the Paduans, for, whereas the people of Padua had been noted for turbulence, shortly after St. Anthony's death Pope Gregory addressed to the city a Bull in which he praised the piety and zeal of the people.

In the confessional an angel of patience and sweetness, St. Anthony's questions were so pertinent, his insight so almost inspired, that penitents came to him from miles around, and even the most hardened bandits made restitution for their crimes at the Saint's commands.

Marvellous were the answers received to St. Anthony's prayers, but such was his sweetness and humility that he always

told the people it was their faith and not his merits which had obtained the favor of Heaven.

The Saint was

A lily in his spotless purity;
In grace and perfume like the budding rose
That, blushing, dew-kissed in my garden glows;
A woman in his tender sympathy;
In mighty, sheltering strength a stalwart tree;
All sorrowful amidst poor human woes,
A gentle river whence sweet pity flows,
A little child in quaint simplicity.

Only six-and-thirty when he died, St. Anthony was singularly young-looking, small and slight, with an olive complexion, deep, dark eyes, and an expression of exquisite sweetness and purity. His piety by no means interfered with his cheerfulness, for he was always so bright that children and animals adored him. Indeed, every one who came under the sway of his

gracious personality loved him devotedly. Always a great sufferer, austere in his life, untiring in his efforts for others, he had a worn face, a slight, emaciated frame; but a wellnigh heavenly light irradiated his countenance.

In art St. Anthony is represented in many ways. Legends anent him are numerous; Italy teems with pretty conceits about him, and in many pictures the surroundings are indigenous to the soil of Padua, of which city he is the patron saint. The people of this part of Italy never tire of sounding his praises, and legends beyond number testify to his love for the Paduans.

It was in Padua, in the house of Tiso, one of the Camposampieri, that the Christ Child is said to have appeared to St. Anthony in the lovely vision so often re-

produced in art, and in the same city was held the famous interview with the tyrant Ezzelino. This man was so impressed with St. Anthony's words of rebuke for his cruelties that he made no reply, saying to his astonished courtiers, haughty, unprincipled man though he was, "I tell you that while that friar was speaking, I saw his face shining with such a glory that it filled me with awe and terror, and I could only kneel at his feet like a criminal." This famous interview has been made the subject of a great picture by one of the old masters.

"I see my God," said St. Anthony, as he lay dying in a little cell at Arcella, tenderly watched over by the Franciscan friars; then, with a smile of ineffable joy upon his pallid face, he passed tranquilly

away, and his life of sweetness and devotion to God closed June 13, 1231.

The Flower of the Annunciation given to the stainless virgin, St. Joseph's flower for a blameless life, the lily, is the symbol of spotlessness; and so great was St. Anthony's purity that he is usually represented with a stalk of lilies. He always is garbed in the habit of St. Francis and wears the cord of the order; sometimes he carries a book (emblem of learning), sometimes a flaming heart (for fervent piety), and sometimes has a flame of fire in his hand or on his breast. In several quaint and very old pictures of St. Anthony, he is represented with the mule, famous in the story, oft repeated, of the mule and his unbelieving master.

St. Anthony has long been a favorite subject with artists, and among the earli-

est known paintings of him is one by Giotto. It is one of the famous series of frescos in the Bardi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence, which paintings were covered over with whitewash, a century after the artist's death, and were not completely uncovered till 1863. The series represented scenes in the life of St. Francis of Assisi, and he appears to St. Anthony and a crowd of monks, seated in listening attitudes. St. Anthony's face is thin, but not ascetic looking. He is wrapped in his Franciscan garb, and gazes in rapt attention at St. Francis, who holds up his hands, palms outward, to show the stigmata. St. Anthony is rather primly drawn ; according to Giotto's style, short and sturdy of figure, the peasant-artist's blood showing in that he seldom made his figures refined. The draperies, however, are truly

Giotto-like, flowing and graceful, those of St. Francis peculiarly so. Giotto was especially great in his grouping and originality, and there is something remarkable in the group of monks, each in a different attitude, yet each listening intently, awed and interested.

Sodoma's picture of St. Anthony is very different. The saint, very youthful-looking, stands in an attitude of rare grace, his head upon one side, an expression of exceeding sweetness upon his boyish face. In one hand he holds the flaming heart; a view of the other is obscured by his habit. Above him in the clouds the Blessed Virgin holds the Christ-Child, both smiling down upon the saint who loved them both, while dainty, shadowy, cherubic forms hover overhead. Sodoma's characteristics are nowhere shown more plainly

than in this picture. His figures are always as long-limbed and slender as Giotto's are thick, and his draperies are almost serpentine in their sinuous folds. The picture is now in the church of San Bernardino in Siena, and is so defaced as to render aught but the general outlines and the saint's face scarcely distinguishable.

In the church of St. Sebastian in beautiful Venice, there is a picture of St. Anthony which sets at naught all one's preconceived ideas as to the gentle saint.

Paolo Cagliari — born in Verona, and hence, after the Italian fashion of nicknaming a man from his city, called "Veronese"—had a magnificence of painting peculiarly his own. In his paintings one always sees gorgeous costuming, pomp and splendor, minuteness of detail and

rich ornamentation, wedded to his careful drawing and transparence of coloring. The simplest pictures show this element of the ostentatious magnificence of Venetian life, and his painting of St. Anthony has this peculiarity in no small degree. Beneath a superb velvet canopy the Blessed Virgin is enthroned, the Christ in her arms, at one side a gorgeously attired Venetian damsel who is offering a snow-white dove to the Queen of Heaven. And she is a queen indeed! Her face is of the most beautiful type of Italian noblewoman; chaste, serene, sweet, and lovely with the gentle yet high-bred loveliness of one who is accustomed to the dignity which rank and station unconsciously give. The *bambino* nestling to her breast has none of the godlike qualities of Raphael's Christ. It is but an Italian

baby, chubby and sweet, as all babies are, but earthly. Paolo's St. Anthony is clad in his brown habit, but there is a rich look to even this simple garb, as if the Veronese could not bring himself to paint in other than his wonted splendor. In his hand St. Anthony carries a book and a stalk of lilies, and his figure is lithe and graceful. But the face is a disappointment. The head is round, the hair dark and curly, the complexion almost swarthy, the eyes and eyebrows set aslant, the mouth unprepossessing, the whole type rather Moorish than Portuguese.

Perhaps the most noted of the many who have painted St. Anthony is the Spaniard Murillo, for after the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin and his beloved "niños" the great master best loved to picture the Paduan Saint.

The Sevillian School of Painting was an uncommon one in many ways, and especially so from a moral point of view. The painters were obliged to be pure in morals and life; any one detected in using an improper expression was expelled from the Academy, and the painter of an immoral picture was fined heavily and imprisoned. Old chroniclers relate that the artists regarded their work as entirely devotional, and it is not to be wondered at that the sweet spirit and transcendent genius of Murillo, fostered by such influences as these, felt closely allied to the spotless Portuguese youth, to whom race and clime as well as faith bound him in brotherly allegiance.

Perhaps the best known of all Murillo's St. Anthonys is the large canvas in the Berlin Museum. The background of the

picture is indicated rather than defined, and consists of a landscape in Murillo's best style, the vaporoso or cloudy. The turquoise sky is filled with cherubs, those ineffably lovely babies which only Murillo could paint so perfectly, — one little fellow holding a book, a second with a lily branch, others in charming attitudes, graceful and natural.

The central figures, however, are those of the Saint in his friar's dark robe, kneeling upon the ground, with the Baby Christ clasped close to his breast. The child is a chubby, healthy baby, very sweet and lovable, charming from its curly head to its little pink toes, and its baby hand is raised to St. Anthony's face, patting it with perfect naturalness, as would any mere human baby, for it is by no means a Child God, a Divinity in human form.

The Saint holds it close in a rapture of love, but more as if it were a dear, familiar friend than a wonder of majesty come down from heaven. In this picture Murillo has departed from the accepted ideal taken from the old portraits, of St. Anthony, and made him appear more robust than the frail, ascetic young friar, worn with penance and illness. The face has an expression of mingled strength, purity, and sweetness, such as one occasionally sees to-day in a Spanish cathedral in fair Andalusia, where piety is not yet dead and faith is still a vitalizing force.

Very different from this picture is the equally famous one painted by Murillo for the Seville Cathedral. It hangs in the Baptistery, where a softly shaded light falls upon the wonderful picture, bringing out

its exquisite tones in perfect loveliness. St. Anthony is represented kneeling upon the stone-flagged floor of the chapel, and near by is the simple table which holds his breviary and some lilies. Through an open doorway, with a graceful Moresque arch, the white walls of the convent may be seen across a sunny corner of the court, while the foreground is dark, throwing into high relief the slender figure of the Saint, kneeling with arms outstretched, looking upward with a face full of an awed expectancy. Above him, surrounded by angels and cherubs, with flowers and sunbeams, light and glory, stands the Child God, His little arms reaching out to the Saint who loved Him, every curve of His body, every line of His face replete with dignity and sweetness. The picture is a triumph of heartfelt devotion and

true genius. It was of this picture that Antonio Castello, nephew of Murillo's master, said: "It is all over with Castello! Is it possible that Murillo, my uncle's servile imitator, can be the author of all this grace and beauty of coloring?"

Murillo received ten thousand reals (about five hundred dollars) for this painting, — a large price in those days, although seeming pitifully small to-day as one gazes upon the almost priceless canvas for which the Duke of Wellington once offered the Cathedral canons two hundred and forty thousand dollars. In November, 1874, the figure of St. Anthony was cut out of the foreground and stolen by a worse than vandal. All Spain was in an uproar, and art-lovers all over the world looked for traces of the lost saint. The picture was at last offered for two hun-

dred and fifty dollars to Mr. Schaus, an art-dealer of New York, who, recognizing it at once, bought it and returned it to Seville. It was restored to its place in the painting so carefully that no one would ever be able to tell that it had been disturbed.

Murillo painted no less than nine pictures of St. Anthony, and his work is always noted for tenderness and beauty of coloring combined with a marked religious feeling. His flesh tints are remarkably clear and soft, and in his best style he is surpassed by few of the old masters.

The St. Anthony now in the Seville Museum is a wonderful piece of work — artistically considered — though the Saint himself is less pleasing than other of Murillo's representations of him. In his

dark habit, his sharp-featured face thrown into bold relief, a spray of lilies in his hand, he stands with both arms about the Baby Christ, — a charming little figure, standing upon a book, one hand in the Saint's dark hair, an expression of childish roguery upon His dainty little face, surrounded with a halo of soft brown curls.

Another great Spaniard, somewhat akin to "The Painter of Conceptions," as Murillo is often called, is Ribera, a very different personality from the charming Sevillian.

José Ribera was born at Jativa, near Valencia, in 1588, and died in Naples in 1656. He was a pupil of Ribalta (founder of the Valencian school), and studied in Italy, copying Caravaggio and others of the naturalist painters, himself

"A painter of eclectic school,
Taking his dicers, candle-lights, and grins
From Caravaggio, and in holier groups
Combining Flemish flesh with martyrdom,
Knowing all tricks of style at thirty-one."

The best of Ribera's work was done in his later days, when he painted with much originality. His knowledge of anatomy was great, and many of his paintings, especially those of the martyrdom of the saints, are horrible in the intensity of suffering displayed. His finest work is in the church of San Martino, in Venice, — a lovely "Pietà," — but he is represented in nearly all the great galleries of Europe.

His St. Anthony, in the Academy of St. Ferdinand at Madrid, is one of the finest examples of his best style. In a dark, stone-flagged cell, with no furniture save a rough table upon which lies a missal, kneels the Saint in an attitude of

worship. The background is obscure, the shadows deep; there is an air of mystery truly Ribera-like in the simple picture. There are no lilies, no heavenly roses; none of Murillo's light and brightness. The only light in the picture radiates from the figure of the Christ-Child, which is poised above with indescribable grace, pointing heavenward. The Saint kneels below, a dark figure, but with a face of exquisite loveliness, — a boyish face of the purest Spanish type, fervent and exalted, with an expression of mingled love, awe, and sweetness. There is little color in the picture, but a wonderful blending of quiet tones, and an effect of great simplicity and religious devotion in the masterly handling of the shadowy and mystic effects. Ribera centres every thought upon the Child Christ and St.

Anthony's devotion to it, and it seems as if the Saint were saying, or, rather, thinking,

"Thou, like a cloud, my soul,
Dost in thyself of beauty naught possess;
Devoid of light of heaven, a vapor foul,
The veil of nothingness."

Ribera has been called "Lo Spagnoletto" (the Little Spaniard), and is highly esteemed by art critics. In looking at his wonderfully devotional pictures it seems impossible that he could have been the jovial, artistic, careless fellow he is said to have been, full of youthful foibles and follies, yet an artist to his finger-tips.

A century before the gay Spanish cavalier there lived in Florence, where the Arno flows along in purple loveliness through the quaint city of Romola, Luca

Signorelli, called "Lo Cortona" from the city of Cortona.

He was a gentle, kindly, simple soul about whom little is known, painting because he could not help it, loving art for art's sake. His subjects were nearly always religious ones, and his frescos were noted even at that day, when the art of frescoing was brought so nearly to perfection.

He was one who struggled and toiled through untold difficulties to attain perfection, yet he never wearied, and his joy in his work was unbounded.

"The Ideal has discoveries which ask
No test, no faith, save that we joy in them,
A new-found continent with spreading lands
Where pleasure charters all, where virtue, rank,
Use, right, and truth have but one name, Delight.
Thus Art's creations, when etherealized,
To least admixture of the grosser facts,
Delight may stamp as highest."

Signorelli was born and bred in the loveliest region of all lovely Italy, where green valleys stretch away towards the mountains, and mighty cathedral spires reach heavenward. There,

"Pealing on high from the quaint convent towers,
Still ring the Catholic signals, summoning
To grave remembrance of the larger life
That bears our own, like perishable fruit,
Upon its heaven-wide branches."

The simplicity of Nature came to the painter from his early life among the hills, and there is in his works a taste and understanding rare even among the men of his own school.

In the Museum at Berlin is the famous picture of St. Anthony which Signorelli wrought with so much art and care. The young saint is grouped with St. Augustine, wise Father of the Church, and lovely, gracious St. Catherine, and her figure is

perhaps Signorelli's finest piece of work. St. Anthony is kneeling in a position of adoration, with folded hands, and his dark eyes are turned upward. Though the face is not beautiful, it is wonderfully lifelike, and the coloring of the whole picture is a work of unquestioned genius. It is strange to see St. Anthony without his lilies or his beloved Baby Our Lord, yet the group is a fitting one, for the young Saint had much of the wisdom and learning of the great doctor of the Church, and of the purity of St. Catherine, so that the painting has an intense significance to the genuine art-lover or one of the religious temperament.

Very different from this is a picture in the Brera at Milan, where St. Anthony kneels in loving adoration before the Infant Christ held in the arms of His

Blessed Mother. Her face is one of the most lovely ever painted, with a dignity, a graciousness, a tender mother-love truly divine. Her floating robes of sapphire hue conceal the form as she clasps in her arms the Holy Child, who reaches out His little hands lovingly to His Saint. The figure of St. Anthony is in shadow and the profile only may be seen, but his expression is one of eager devotion, of angelic purity, a perfect reflex of his character. The artist has entered truly into the spirit of the scene. He must have loved Our Blessed Mother to have made her so lovely, and he must have been capable of appreciating the character of the Saint of Padua. It seems as if the painter must have painted lovingly, with devotion in each stroke of the brush; as if he must have been one who had

"An eye
That winces at false work and loves the true,
With hand and arm that play upon the tool
As willingly as any singing bird
Sets him to sing his morning roundelay
Because he likes to sing and likes the song."

Such a workman was the artist, for Sir Anthony Van Dyck — whatever may have been his faults of character — was an artist to the core. Not a stroke of his brush was slighted, and in the pictures of his patron Saint he has shown his best skill.

One of his most remarkable portrayals of the "Padovani patron" was painted for the Recollets at Malines. This represents St. Anthony and the mule, and the same subject appears in nearly every edifice of the Franciscan Order, and in the famous chapel of "Sant' Antonio di Padova," in Padua. The legend goes that as St. An-

thony was bearing the Blessed Sacrament to the dying, he met a mule-driver who scoffed at Our Lord and denied that he was present. St. Anthony eyed the peasant reproachfully, and turning to the mule, commanded him to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament, as a token of reverence for the presence of God. The beast fell to his knees, and no commands could induce him to rise until the Saint had passed by, his master even tempting him with a bundle of oats to no avail. Van Dyck's painting of this legend is very fine, and — probably because studied from the only original portrait of the Saint, that in the Paduan chapel — it is very like what one would suppose St. Anthony to have been.

One of the most perfect paintings of St. Anthony now in existence is by Johann

von Schraudolph, a German of the Munich school. He has painted several pictures of the Saint, all with the same attributes — a wonderful devotion and religious feeling blended with finish and clever execution. In this, the best of his works, the Saint kneels before the infant Saviour, who stands upon an open book, His tiny hands outstretched to the Saint. The composition of the painting is much the same as a Murillo or a Ribera. There is the same stone-flagged cell, the pure white lilies, the Child God appearing in the clouds to the kneeling monk ; but the beauty lies in the wonderful expression in the whole picture.

Upon the floor rest the "Sweet Lilies of Eternal Peace," almost fragrant, so perfect are they. The little Our Lord is not a mere chubby baby, but so divinely loving

in His condescension that one could not wonder at the adoration of the Saint. Rays of light radiate from the perfect little figure and reach to the face of the kneeling man, lighting it up in heavenly loveliness. St. Anthony's expression seems to say, "Can it be possible that my God whom I have so loved condescends to come to me?" He has one hand outstretched, the other laid deprecatingly upon his breast. It is a marvellous picture, and one to remember always — a picture that lifts the soul above the sordid realms of earth and makes one long for purity and gentleness and all the lovely virtues which St. Anthony had; to

> "Keep the thought of life, like Mary,
> Virgin to a virgin's heart."

Looking at such a picture, one seems to hear

"Hints of heavenly voices,
Tone for silvery tone,
Move in rarer measures
Than to us are known,
Still wooing us to worlds
Beyond the shadowy zone."

Surely this is the aim of art, to elevate and uplift!

"Taste, beauty, what are they
But the soul's choice towards perfect bias wrought
By finer balance of a fuller growth."

The Old Masters, dead for centuries, live forever in the hearts of those who love high thoughts and noble deeds and strong endeavor.

The artists who have painted St. Anthony have left a perpetual legacy of good, a sweet remembrancer of virtues, for to see his pictures is to recall his almost perfect life and to long for such virtues as

were his. Even such a wish is an impulse toward heaven, for

> "Whoever shall discern true ends here,
> Shall grow pure enough to long for them,
> Brave enough to strive for them,
> And strong enough to reach them
> Though the way be rough."

The Religious Paintings of Tintoretto

The Religious Paintings of Tintoretto

LOWELL has said that in the sixteenth century geniuses were as common as they have been rare before and since, and the atmosphere of mediæval Venice was peculiarly suited to the fostering of talent, the growth of genius. A republic, healthy and vigorous, the "Queen of the Adriatic" was so constantly occupied in commerce as to prevent such internal squabbles as those which rent the heart of Italy between Guelph and Ghibelline, Scaliger and Visconti.

To the lovely, rose-hued waters of the lagoons were brought to delight artistic eyes all of the luxury and splendor of the

Orient. The city itself with its palaces and towers, seeming to float between sea and sky, was a fitting cradle for an artist soul, lulled by the dreamy rhythm of the sea, nursed in its beauty-loving arms, and attaining full completeness in its tranquil perfections.

Into this atmosphere of sturdy virtue and artistic refinement there came, in the year 1518, Jacopo, son of Battista Robusto, a cloth-dyer by trade, and to this fact Jacopo owed his nickname of "Tintoretto" (The Little Dyer). The boy early showed a talent for drawing, and his parents placed him in the studio of the great master, Titian. Here he did not long remain, for his genius was of too original an order to permit him to endure the tutelage of any one. The great colorist largely influenced him, however, as is

shown by the motto which Tintoretto placed upon the walls of his studio: "Il disegno di Michel Angelo, e 'l colorito di Titiano!"

Years of study followed, — study of nature, the cast, anatomy, *chiaroscuro*. So careful was he to be exact that the Chevalier Carlo Ridolfi, the great biographer of Venetian artists, tells us that he made small clay images, draped them, arranged them in various ways, and placed them in tiny houses to study the lights and shadows which fell from diminutive windows. No detail was too insignificant, and his studies were endless, so much so that he seemed mad to the people about him.

Mr. Stearns, in his admirable life of Tintoretto, says: "None of the great artists of Italy suffered so much from lack

of encouragement, patronage, and appreciation as Jacopo Robusto; this, no doubt, had its influence in determining the bent of his genius, which was always more or less serious, and often with an undertone of deep pathos."

The Venetians were not so generous as the princely Florentines, such as that Duke of Tuscany who presented Benvenuto Cellini with a house as a reward for his "Perseus." Tintoretto seems to have painted for the love of his art and for the good which he might do, content with a bare living, and "there is no record of a more unselfish devotion to an elevated pursuit," says his biographer.

The first mention of Jacopo by the cognomen which clung to him ever after, was in connection with an exhibition of paintings by the youth of Venice.

Robusto's picture was a portrait of his brother and himself, done by lamplight in so wonderful a manner that a companion wrote:

> "Si Tinctorettus noctis sic lucet in umbris,
> Exorto faciet quid radiante die?"

The great paintings of the times expressed clearly the trend of thought in the various cities. The Florentine works were religious in character, homely scenes, Holy Families and Madonnas; the Roman paintings were historical, portraying Constantine and his glories, or the Acts of the Apostles. Each city had its specialty, and the Venetians were especially religious with a robust piety to which to-day her cathedral testifies, a monument to that brave race of seamen who served as a breastwork for Christianity against the Mohammedans.

But lordly Venice was gorgeous beyond compare. Its palaces were frescoed inside and out by the finest artists of the day; its nobles were arrayed in purple and fine linen and glistened with gold and gems. It was to be expected, therefore, that its religious paintings should show gorgeous pageantries, feasts, or processions. Tintoretto followed the general rule in his choice of subjects, but he painted with a spirituality and a deep religious feeling which seems more indicative of the Spanish than of the Italian school.

There was, moreover, such intensity and energy in each stroke of his brush that he won for himself the title of "Il Furioso." Vasari said of him that he possessed the "most singular, capricious, and determined hand, with the boldest, most extravagant, and obstinate brain,

that had ever yet belonged to the domain of painting;" but Vasari was so enamoured of Titian that he was inclined to undervalue the work of the man with whom Titian is said to have quarrelled.

Emerson says that the true artist shall be

> ". . . Musical,
> Tremulous, impressional,
> Alive to gentle influence
> Of landscape and of sky,
> And tender to the spirit-touch
> Of man's or maiden's eye;
> But, to his native centre fast,
> Shall into Future fuse the Past,
> And the world's flowing in its own
> mould recast."

Tintoretto's character seems to bear out this description. He was ardent, energetic, eager, devoted to art, deeply religious, amiable, generous but not extravagant, neither jealous nor vain, sincere, refined, and of a purity of char-

acter rare enough in the century in which he lived. In all the various documents relating to the Venetian painters there is no slur upon the morality of Jacopo Robusto, no blot upon his escutcheon.

A youthful portrait represented the artist as with a long, oval face, square chin, short beard, an open countenance, with clear eyes and sensitive mouth; and the carrier in his famous picture of the "Golden Calf" much resembles him. The Tintoretto with which we are familiar, however, is such as he portrayed in his picture of himself, now in the Uffizi at Florence. It is the likeness of a fine old man with the hoary hair, which is such a crown of glory to the good, and a care-worn, deeply lined face, with that nobility of expression which comes to strong souls who have battled and won, and who have

learned "how much glory there is in being good."

One of the finest of the master's paintings, one of his first, and yet, fortunately, one in which the main figure is still well preserved, is a lovely Madonna, now in the Venetian Academy.

Our Lady stands upon a pedestal, clad in robes of soft-hued blue; clad simply, yet, oh! the marvellous grace in the lines of the drapery which covers her from the modest throat to the sandalled feet. Her arms are half outspread and seem to draw the mantle about her, yet extend it to shelter in its generous folds the faithful ones at her feet. Upon her simply parted hair is a veil which droops upon her shoulders, and her waist is encircled with a golden girdle. The coloring is perfect, and each line of the figure, the soft

brown hair, the mild blue eyes, the rose-leaf skin, the slender wrists, the hands which look as if meant for loving service, the incomparably sweet, protecting expression, all make us say to ourselves; "That is just what I always thought our Blessed Mother was like!" At each side of the pedestal kneel her devotees, no doubt likenesses of some of the famous churchmen of the day, although their features are well-nigh indistinguishable from the lapse of time. A semicircle of bodiless cherubs poise above Our Lady's head, and a soft radiance is diffused about her.

Nothing could be more lovely than the spirit and sentiment of the picture; it is an incentive to everything "lovely and of good report," and Tintoretto must have lived very near to the heights of virtue so

perfectly to portray its most complete votary:

"Ere from the chambers of thy silent thought
That face looked out on thee, painter divine,
What innocence, what love, what loveliness,
What purity must have familiar been
Unto thy soul before it could express
The holy beauty in that visage seen!"

Very different from this simple picture, yet equally as artistic, is the "Miracle of St. Mark," the pride of the Venetians, and probably the most famous of Tintoretto's paintings.

Each guild in those early days had a patron saint, a pious practice which it is a pity we have not in vogue in these days of irreverence and carelessness. Tintoretto is said to have had influential relatives in the Guild of St. Mark, and when he was thirty-one he obtained an order to paint for this guild a huge canvas

(twenty feet long) which was to represent the miracle of St. Mark rescuing a slave from torture and death. This marked an epoch in the artist's career, for the exhibition of his work was his first step into the Temple of Fame, and praise poured in upon him from every side.

The subject of the picture is one of those beautiful traditions which are such realities to those of the faith, and so devotional in all their tendencies. A devout Venetian had been taken captive and made a slave by the Turks, and upon his refusing to forsake his faith was about to be put to death. In response to his pious prayers St. Mark descended from heaven in a flash of blinding light, shattered the instrument of torture, and so terrified the Turks that they spared the victim.

Few subjects could be grander than this, and the painting symbolizes two of the most comforting doctrines of the Church, — the efficacy of prayer, and the permission given by God to His saints to come to the aid of His suffering ones in time of trouble. On this canvas are over thirty figures, and it would appear crowded were it not for the perfect adjustment of all. The prostrate Venetian, enslaved, bound, and almost despairing, is superbly conceived, showing the advantages of the artist's early anatomical studies. The startled figures grouped about; the tense body of the turbaned Turk holding up the broken hammer to the astonished judge, who leans from a dais in amazement, — these and all are pregnant with action and life, marvellous with color.

The Saint appears in the air above, like an eagle swooping upon his prey, and it is impossible to conceive anything more glorious than the action expressed in his figure. Monsieur Taine says: "Here is a man, head downward in the air, his clothes flying, yet he does not appear unnatural nor more surprising than the occasion requires." This is due in part to the genius of Tintoretto, but still more is it the outcome of the fact that the artist realized that this was not a "man, head downwards," and hence unnatural; it was a saint to whom were given supernatural powers. The heart of the Catholic painter was equal to his head, and it was given to him in a rare degree to combine artistic merit with devotion, and the religious feeling of this picture shows the true spirit of its creator, for

". . . What of beautiful
Man, by strong spell and earnest toil, has won
To take intelligible forms of art
. . . are recognized to be
Desires and yearnings, feelings after Him,
And by Him only to be satisfied
Who is Himself the Eternal Loveliness."

Tintoretto's attention to detail is shown not only in the rich habiliments of the actors in the dramatic scene, and the study of each pose and figure, but in the bits of landscape, the columns, arches, lattices, and the graceful fringe of leafy branches which break the sky-line, and, framing in the vivid scene softly, tone in exquisitely with the clouds of the blue sky beyond.

An interesting fact in connection with this picture is that one of the two sketches which the artist made for it was given to Charles Sumner, the great slave cham-

pion, and is now in the possession of George Harris, Esq., of Boston.

There are many charming byways in Venice. Indeed, everywhere is a dazzling beauty of sea and sky; but it is a rare treat to glide in a gondola from St. Mark's, under the Bridge of Sighs, through the narrow Canaletti where palaces old in song and story rise on either hand, and your blue-shirted gondolier sings dreamily, "*O Italia Bella, ti con amore io canto.*" Come hither on a balmy spring day, far away to the north of Venice, where the church of Santa Maria dell' Orto looks out towards Murano and the Tyrol. What a beautiful old church it is! Built at the end of the fourteenth century, when Gothic architecture was in its perfection, its quaint façade, with the carven portal, exquisite windows, and

rows of stone saints, is fascinating to the lover of architecture. But the interior contains treasures such as kings have in vain sighed for and coveted. Upon the walls hang many wonderful paintings, among them Tintoretto's "Last Judgment" and the "Worship of the Golden Calf." Both of these contain lessons which he who runs may read; but more beautiful than either, though not more remarkable, and certainly less well known, is his representation of the "Miracle of St. Agnes." This painting is a perfect example of the great master's skill and of his entirely natural method.

A Protestant writer recently said that the difficulty which Protestants, especially Americans, find in placing themselves *en rapport* with mediæval art arises from an ignorance of the legends of the Catholic

Church, and adds: "We know enough of the erratic doings of the Greek demi-gods, and it is time that we were better informed concerning these spiritual heroes and heroines to whom we owe so much."

The scene which Tintoretto represented in this matchless work is one of peculiar interest from a religious point of view as well as artistically, and

> ". . . What at best
> The beautiful creations of man's art
> If resting not on some diviner ground
> Than man's own mind that formed them ?"

St. Agnes was a young Roman maiden, living about 290 A. D., in the reign of the monster Diocletian. Sempronius, the prefect's son, desired her for his bride, but she refused him, saying, "I am the bride of Jesus Christ, and all thy wealth and pleasures cannot tempt me from my

heavenly Spouse!" The young man falling ill, his father besought St. Agnes to yield, and upon her again refusing she was accused of being a Christian and condemned to torture and death. As she was led out to execution, Sempronius, hoping to compel her to yield to him, rushed out to rescue her and carry her away by force, but as soon as he laid his hand upon her he fell to the ground, dead. His father raised his voice in grief, and at this the tender heart of the sweet saint was touched. She knelt beside the prostrate form, prayed to God to restore him, and with such efficacy that he arose to his feet. The prefect desired to save St. Agnes's life in gratitude for his son's recovery, but the populace dragged her away and put her to death, like St. Paul, by the sword.

The picture illustrates the moment when St. Agnes prays for the dead Sempronius. In the background rise in stately splendor the pillars, arches, and a grand basilica of ancient Rome, while above them is a band of the most perfect angels ever painted. They are not impossible, limp creatures, neither ballet-dancers, nor chubby cherubs; they are airy, graceful beings, natural in pose, holding the martyr's crown in readiness for the sweet soul who was angelic in her purity.

About her is a motley group of centurions, noble Romans, women, slaves, fierce soldiery, all life-like; but the interest of the picture centres in that slight, maidenly figure, so modest, so exalted, so womanly, so Christian! Beside her is her emblem, the lamb of innocence. The prostrate

youth, just returning to life, gazes upon her with an expression of wondering awe and reverence. Well might she inspire it, for although almost a child, she was a marvel of virtue to the fierce spirits about her. Plato says: "The creations of the painter's brain stand and look as if alive. But ask them a question and they keep a solemn silence." Not so; they speak to all hearing ears and seeing eyes, and the lesson of this painting is open to all who will learn. It is the triumph of purity over passion, of faith over death, of Christianity over the heathen world. No one can look at it unmoved and without feeling within himself a longing for the virtues which so ennoble poor human nature. So much does one feel this aspect of the work that one's inclination is to leave it uncriticised. Indeed, the most critical could find little

fault and few flaws. It is a piece of the soul of the great man himself, and his finest work as to technique, depths of feeling, and intrinsic worth.

Scarcely less lovely, though less heroic, is another painting upon the walls of Santa Maria dell' Orto.

The "Presentation of the Virgin" was long a favorite subject in religious art, and there is something in Tintoretto's rendering of it which fills the eyes with tears. The sweetness of the little maid presenting herself in the Temple as any ordinary Jewish child should do — she who was the Queen among women, with the weight of a mighty destiny upon her, the long foretold of prophecy — how purely docile it was!

The high-priest, in a magnificent costume, stands on the steps of the Temple, and the steps themselves are a triumph

of the painter's art. The walls of the building are shown in all the magnificence of carving, and the steps are painted in the most remarkable imitation of stone-work and arranged semicircularly, giving a fine opportunity to show the various figures grouped about. Lazy Eastern beggars, such as besieged St. Peter at the Gate Beautiful, sun themselves, oblivious to so every-day a performance as the presentation of a poor maiden in the Temple. Some have even turned their backs; but others look dully on, neither interested nor curious.

In the foreground are two superb figures. An old man has sprung to his feet and gazes fixedly at the child. What stirs within his breast? Surely, the intensity of his gaze betokens that to him is granted some inner sense of the significance of the

scene. To the left a young peasant woman, whose spirited figure has the grace of Guido's women, is pointing out to her child the form of the Blessed Virgin, and of all the assemblage she and the old man are the only ones who seem to realize, even in a measure, the presence of the Mother of God. The pity of it! It is a sad picture, and yet it is a blessed sadness:

"All beauty makes us sad, yet not in vain;
For who would be ungracious to refuse,
Or not to use, this sadness without pain,
Whether it flows upon us from the hues
Of sunset, from the time of stars and dews,
From the clear sky or natures pure of stain?
All beautiful things bring sadness, nor alone
Music, whereof that wisest poet spake;
Because in us keen longings they awake
After the good for which we pine and groan,
From which, exiled, we make continual moan,
Till once again we may our spirits slake
At those clear streams which man did first forsake
When he would dig for fountains of his own."

"La Sposalizio," or "The Marriage of St. Catherine," is one of the best known of Tintoretto's paintings. It hangs in the Sala de' Collegio of the Doge's Palace, Venice. The story of the noble Alexandrian princess is too well known to need repetition, and the beauty of this painting lies in its coloring and the grace of its figures. Its chief interest lies in the fact that the Madonna is supposed to be a portrait of the wife of Tintoretto.

Faustina dei Vescovi was the daughter of a noble house, and she showed herself to be a woman of rare good sense in that she was willing to marry beneath her — as the world of her day called it — preferring a man of genius and piety to the profligate nobility which surrounded her. The marriage seems to have been a very happy one, and their home in the Palazzo Ca-

mello, a grand old marble palace, carved and pillared in mediæval beauty, still standing upon the banks of the Grand Canal, was a more harmonious one than that of many artists in those days or since. Tintoretto was devoted to his wife, and her oval, thoughtful face, with so much of noble beauty in its aristocratic lines, appears in many of the artist's pictures, especially when he portrays the Madonna.

In "La Sposalizio" the Blessed Virgin is seated upon a dais, robed in soft blue draperies, holding in her tender arms the Infant Christ and bending over Him with much womanliness and dignity in her graceful pose. Her face is refined, gentle, and far more lovely than that of St. Catherine. The latter kneels before the throne, robed in the rich and rather extravagant costume of Venetian dames.

She is in the act of receiving the marriage ring from the hand of the Baby Our Lord, a chubby child far from divine, who seems rather amused at the performance. He has neither the artless, baby look of Murillo's, nor the divinity of Raphael's Child God. The Doge, Niccolo da Ponte, Tintoretto's great patron, a venerable-looking man, kneels at the left, a devotee near him, while above them angels carry celestial flowers. The picture has neither the vivid life which animates the St. Agnes, the dramatic elements of the St. Mark, nor the tenderness of the Presentation, but it has a dignity, a significance, and a beauty all its own.

Emerson, in his essay on Humanity in Art, says: "All great actions have been simple, and all great pictures are," and it is the calm simplicity of "La Sposalizio"

which pleases. It is one of the pictures of which one feels that it was painted for one's self rather than for the multitude, and it appeals to all those "capable of being touched by simplicity and lofty emotion."

Tintoretto painted three "Crucifixions," each one a masterpiece, but the one now in the Scuola di San Rocco is considered the finest. It is grandly awful! The most dramatic, the most terrible scene in the world's history is portrayed as only a master with Tintoretto's vivid action could paint, and yet as sympathetically as only his mighty heart could conceive it.

There is a subtle darkness over the whole scene, yet figures and groups stand out distinctly, each one notable but secondary to the majestic form of the crucified Saviour of men. The fear-stricken, grief-

laden groups of disciples at the foot of the cross have a pathos beyond expression, and the soldiery and centurions, horses and men, seem crowded in a vast *mêlée*, yet in the artist's wonderful grouping each has some specific action to perform. A radiant nimbus is behind the head of Christ, as if the sun dignified what earth so despised. The face of the Master is bent down so as to be invisible — a master-stroke of genius, for who could bear to look upon so awful a sight? At the foot of the cross stands the Blessed Virgin, her face upraised to her Son, one hand extended pathetically to touch the cross:

> "Quis est homo qui non fleret,
> Matrem Christi si videret
> In tanto supplicio?"

A critic says of this picture: "I pity the Christian who has seen the painting with-

out feeling more profoundly the seriousness of life, and how real and imperative are the obligations of religion." To the Catholic the picture means far more than this feeling of duty. It means that the heart swells, the eyes fill, and the spirit yearns to spend itself in atoning by loving service to the Crucified Saviour for the awfulness of His death, and by endeavoring to comfort the heart of His Mother by tenderest affection:

> "In the shadow of the rood,
> Love and Shame together stood;
> Love, that bade Him bear the blame
> Of her fallen sister, Shame;
> Shame, that by the pangs therof
> Bade Him break His Heart for Love."

When Tintoretto bent all the energies of his genius to painting this wonderful, almost inspired work of the

> "Divine Humanity that hung
> To brutal gaze exposed,"

he portrayed the mightiest dogma of religion, and showed forth his own belief clearer than by words. He teaches that one should

> "Love the Love that did for his love die —
> All love is lost but upon God alone."

All who are familiar with this great master and lovable man feel for him that warm glow of affectionate regard which one has for a kindly teacher who has led one step by step to higher things. Had Tintoretto not lived as he did and been what he was, he might have been a famous artist, but he could not have raised up for us noble and beautiful ideals.

His life was spent in

> ". . . raising worship so
> To higher reverence more mixed with love
> That better self shall live till human time
> Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
> Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
> Unread forever."

He died in 1594, after a long and useful life, and we think of him ever admiringly, tenderly, as one of those rare souls who feel

> ". . . the high, stern-featured beauty
> Of plain devotedness to duty,
> Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
> But finding amplest recompense
> For life's ungarlanded expense
> In work done squarely and unwasted days."

Music's Saintly Votary

Music's Saintly Votary

UPON the right bank of the yellow Tiber, which flows along in turgid splendor through the storied streets of Rome, near the monastery of San Francesco a Ripa — where St. Francis lived when in the Eternal City — there stands the church of Santa Cecilia in Trastevere. An early Roman villa, it was made into a church by Urban I., restored by Paschal and rebuilt by Cardinal Francesco Acquaviva in 1725.

A spacious court with a portico of African marble leads to the sanctuary, which is one of remarkable interest to a student of archæology, as well as to those brought thither by the faith which in-

spires devotion. The High Altar, with its columns of *pavonazetto,* was executed by the great Florentine, Arnolfo del Cambio, and beneath this is the shrine of a saint revered by Protestant as well as Catholic.

Upon a marble slab is extended a figure in a perfect pose; the limbs modestly draped, the face turned away, the hair covered with a cloth; the whole statue one of such grace and beauty, that it is equalled only by those of the Old Masters whose lives were devoted to the making of such poems in stone. "It lies as no living body could lie," said Sir Charles Bell, "and yet correctly, as the dead when left to expire;" and this matchless work was executed by Stefano Maderno, who was employed by that great patron of the arts, Cardinal Sfondrati.

This product of the sculpture-loving age of Bernini, undeniable work of genius as it is, was not merely such, but one of devotion as well, for its carving was in honor of a saint as spotless as the pure Italian marble from which it was chiselled with such loving care.

She lies there as if asleep, her form as still and yet as real as if

> "The sculptor in the marble found
> Her hidden from the world around,
> As in a donjon keep:
> With gentle hand he took away
> The coverlet that o'er her lay,
> But left her fast asleep."

Cecilia was a noble Roman maiden, living in the third century A. D., in the reign of the Emperor Alexander Severus. Like a lily she blossomed in all the slime of the empire, brought up by parents, secretly Christian, to a life of piety too rare in

times when virtue was the exception, and vice encouraged by the example of those in high places. Under her girlish robes the sweet saint carried a parchment roll containing the words of the gospel, and she early made a secret vow of chastity and virginity.

She was not only good, but beautiful and talented, playing upon every instrument in a manner so entrancing that angels descended from above, to listen to her almost heavenly music.

Within her home all was sweetness and purity, and of her one could have said with the poet:

"The wooing air is jubilant with song,
And blossoms swell
As leaps thy liquid melody along
The dusky dell,
Where silence, late supreme, foregoes her wonted spell.

Yet thou, from mortal influence apart,
Seek'st naught of praise:
The empty plaudits of the emptier heart
Taint not thy lays;
Thy Maker's smile alone thy tuneful bosom sways."

At sixteen Cecilia was married to Valerian, a noble Roman youth, handsome, and much enamoured of her beauty.

"I have an angel which so loveth me
That with great love, whether I wake or sleep,
Is ready aye my body for to keep,"

Cecilia said to her husband upon her wedding night, and, although a heathen, he was so overcome with her purity and eloquence that he desired to become a Christian, was instructed and baptized by Pope Urban.

One day he surprised his wife at the organ, an instrument she had herself invented and dedicated to God. Behind

her was an angel bearing two crowns of red and white roses, one of which he poised above the brow of the maiden, while the other was extended to Valerian. "Because thou hast followed the chaste counsels of thy wife, and hast believed, ask what thou wilt and it shall be thine," said the angel.

"More than all," said the young Roman, "do I long for the conversion of my brother, Tiburtius;" and the angel responded sweetly, "It is thine."

A few moments later Tiburtius entered the room, and detecting the fragrance of roses, he asked whence they came, knowing that it was not the season for flowers. Showing him her celestial wreath, St. Cecilia spoke so eloquently of the happiness of following Christ, and of the joys Heaven held for the faithful, that Tibur-

tius' heart was moved; he believed and was baptized.

The three lived a life of holy friendship, encouraging the faithful and gaining many converts, until the wicked Prefect Almachius put to a cruel death both Valerian and his brother, with Maximus, a centurion, who was sent to be the executioner, but was converted by their faith and courage. St. Cecilia carefully preserved their bodies, interring them in the catacombs of St. Calixtus.

Soon afterwards she was called to suffer martyrdom at the hands of the same tyrant, being condemned to be suffocated in her bath. She remained there a day and a night unharmed, when a lictor was sent to despatch her. His hand trembled so that he could not strike her, and the three blows which the law allowed, wounded,

but did not kill. Upon the third day, having prayed not to die until she had recommended to Pope Urban the poor whom she tenderly loved, begging him to convert her house into a church, her spotless spirit passed in virgin innocence to God.

"*Incorruptio autem facit proximum esse Deo*,"[1] and St. Cecilia was one of those who, having, as St. Augustine said, "tasted Thy sweetness, O Lord, loathed every other joy."

St. Agnes, St. Agatha, St. Lucy, and St. Cecilia are called the "Four Great Virgins of the Latin Church," and to such souls as these, suffering, torture, self-denial, and martyrdom were nothing but a joyous happening which hastened their union to Our Lord.

[1] Spotlessness maketh one very near to God.

St. Cecilia's body was embalmed by the Pope and interred in the Catacombs, and here, in the year 822, Pope Paschal I. found it in perfect preservation. He transferred it to the church which had been consecrated over her house, and in which to this day are to be seen the pipes of the bath where her martyrdom took place.

In 1599, after thirteen centuries, her body was still uncorrupted. "She was lying," says Baronius, "within a coffin of cypress wood, enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, not in the manner of one dead and buried — that is on her back — but on one side, as if asleep, in a very modest attitude, covered with a single stuff of taffety, having her head bound with cloth, and at her feet the remains of the cloth of gold and silk which Pope Paschal had found in her tomb." Her coffin was en-

closed in a silver shrine and placed under the High Altar of the church which bears her name, and there the marble statue brings her to the memory, and the traveller ponders on one who possessed the

"Grace through which the heart may understand,
And vows that bind the will, in silence made."

Her feast is celebrated upon the twenty-second of November, and at no time in Rome is there such magnificent music as that in honor of the martyred Roman maiden, the Heavenly organist, upon the day of her feast.

Not early regarded as the patron of music, St. Cecilia is represented, in an old drawing upon the walls of the Catacombs of San Lorenzo, as wearing the martyr's crown. Before the fifteenth century her portraits, or rather the paintings of her, since there is no authentic portrait in

existence, represented her as wearing a crown of red and white roses, "symbols of love and purity, and used together, since in Heaven they are inseparable, and love does not exist without purity," to quote Mrs. Jameson. In some paintings she had the martyr's crown or palm, an angel hovered near to her, or she carried a scroll or roll of music.

Many of the old inscriptions read "*Per ignem et aquam*," referring to the verse of Holy Scripture, "We went through fire and through water, but Thou broughtest us into a wealthy place;" but later, St. Cecilia, from her marked talent for music, became its patroness, and is represented in nearly all the great paintings of her as the mistress of

"The harp, the solemn pipe
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire."

Since music and painting are kindred arts, and go hand-in-hand, the sweet saint of sweet sounds has long been a favorite with those painters whose art lifted them above the merely earthy, and perhaps the best known painting of St. Cecilia is one now in Bologna, the work of that master of religious art, Raphael.

There is something peculiarly girlish in many of Raphael's women, and his St. Cecilia has this charming attribute. She stands in the centre of the canvas, in a rich gold-embroidered robe, her hair confined by a golden band, her eyes gazing heavenward with a look which some one aptly describes as "listening rather than seeing." In her hand she holds a small organ, which reminds one of the reedy, melodious instrument of the river-god, Pan, in ancient Greek art. About her is

a group, wonderful in its expressiveness. St. Paul, with a glow of eloquence lingering upon his fine face, leans upon the sword which symbolizes his martyrdom. Next to him is lovely, gentle St. John the Evangelist. Upon St. Cecilia's left stands St. Mary Magdalene with her vase of precious ointment, and beside her is St. Augustine, Doctor of the Church.

In the foreground lies a lute, a tambour, and several other musical instruments. The story is that the saints were gathered together to praise God, and as they wrought with their best endeavors in the art they loved, such heavenly strains were heard that all but St. Cecilia were filled with despair at their impotence and threw down their instruments. St. Cecilia, however, held her organ and listened until the music of the spheres sank into her soul.

So great was her consecration of the divine gift to God that, while she recognized her faultiness, as all truly artistic souls must do, she ever afterwards sang and played with such devotion that it raised the hearts of her hearers to that Paradise to which she seemed so akin as to be only lent to the earth below.

The nature of the painter of this wonderful picture was one peculiarly fitted to portray so much sweetness and grace. The young Italian, Raphael Santi, was the son of an artist of Urbino, whose family life was one of such beauty that it left its impress upon the character of the boy. Always in an atmosphere of love and sweetness, young Raphael grew up with a lovableness and charm which endeared him to all.

In his early work we trace a strong

Peruginesque tendency, but later, grafted upon the perfection of form which marked his master (Perugino), we see the true tenderness in which Raphael reigns supreme. Known best of all as the painter of Madonnas, and for the marvellous Stanze of the Vatican (frescoed for Pope Julius II., at the same time that Michael Angelo was completing the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel), some of Raphael's most exquisite works are smaller or less well known.

The "St. Cecilia" was painted in 1516 for an altar-piece, and is one of the master's most finished works. Its purity of outline, perfection of detail, sweetness, and grace, combined with strength of conception and handling, are fitting exponents of the character of the painter, who, as Radcliffe says, "was free from the vices of the

age in which he lived," and who was so beloved that at his death, Vasari tells us, "no eye was dry!"

"Let him who a good painter would be
Acquire the drawing of Rome;
Venetian action and Venetian shadow,
And the dignified color of Lombardy;
The terrible manner of Michael Angelo;
Titian's truth and nature;
The sovereign purity of Correggio's style,
And the true symmetry of Raphael."

Domenichino of Bologna was of quite a different nature from Santi, and his St. Cecilia belongs to a different type from the noble Roman whom Raphael painted. He was the most distinguished of the Eclectic School, was a pupil of Caracci, and is best known as the painter of the "Last Communion of St. Jerome," the masterpiece which hangs beside the "Transfiguration" in the Vatican.

The Bolognese master's "St. Cecilia" is now in the long gallery of the Louvre, and it is original in design and rich in tone. The Saint is seated at a viol, playing and looking up to heaven, as if receiving her inspiration from above rather than from the music held before her by a lovely cherub. Her face wears an expression of rapt attention, and there is much beauty and purity of expression, especially in the brow and eyes, but it is the face of a mortal maiden, and by no means that of the Saint uplifted above all thoughts of the world.

It is not one of Domenichino's best, and reminds us painfully of the days in which he painted for money and suffered hunger even, so misunderstood was he for his constitutional timidity. Persecuted at last by the jealous Neapolitans, who objected to

his frescoing the dome of St. Januarius in their city, he was finally poisoned in 1641.

Giovanni Battista Salvi was a pupil of Domenichino, and was called "Sassoferrato," from his birthplace. His Madonnas are, many of them, simpering and insipid, but the "St. Cecilia," now in the Accademia at Venice, is one of the loveliest ever painted.

It is a simple head, the cloudy dark hair bound with a cloth, the perfect throat draped with a simple robe in the ancient Roman style. She was so young, that little Saint, as Sassoferrato has depicted her; there is so much beauty and sweetness in the almost childish face that one cannot help a pang that she must die. Yet in the sadness of her face as she looks heavenward, with her throat bared for the

stroke which is to end her earthly life, there is also longing and a rapture of expectancy, as if of one who felt the truth of the saying: *Chi fa cosa di Cristo, con Cristo deve star sempre.* (Who does the things of Christ, with Christ must always be.)

More spiritual, if not so girlish, is the "St. Cecilia" in the Dresden Gallery, Carlo Dolci's masterpiece.

The painter was a Florentine contemporary of Salvator Rosa, and a member of the later Italian school. Living in the days,

> "When Art was still religion,
> With a simple, reverent heart,"

his piety was unusual, and, when the hour came for his wedding, he could not be found, until some one at last discovered him lost in prayer before a crucifix.

His works have a smoothness and finish which is peculiarly agreeable to those who are not admirers of the sketchy, Impressionist school of to-day; but Radcliffe said of his paintings that "too many of them at once is like a surfeit of sweets."

His St. Cecilia is seated upon a carved chair before an organ, her haloed head outlined against a rich velvet curtain. She is clad in a superb robe of blue, with a soft drapery against her throat and wrists. The hands, outstretched upon the keys, are not the ideal musician's; the wrists are not slender enough for artistic beauty. The face has not the rapt, listening look of Raphael's masterpiece, nor the sadness of a foreshadowing fate which clouds the brow of Sassoferrato's St. Cecilia. It is the musician, the

pure and lovely woman, rather than the martyr and saint whom we see. The eyes are bent upon the keys, the whole attitude is one of earnestness and study, as of one wrapped in her art. In the foreground lie the lilies of innocence, instead of the red and white roses which usually accompany the saint.

The charm of the painting lies in the exquisite expression, the calm, the purity, the perfection of contour and nobility of form which is attributed to those Roman women who, like Cæsar's wife, must be "above suspicion." She has much in common with Raphael's saint,

> "the same perfect brow,
> And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,"

but she is the artist rather than the Saint, although a very saintly artist, it is true.

Guido Reni's St. Cecilia is a surprise to those familiar with his "Aurora" and the marvellous portrait of Beatrice Cenci, which has puzzled and charmed those who have studied it for many years.

The Saint stands looking up to heaven, with a violin in one hand, the bow in the other. The pose is simple and natural, the coloring exceptionally fine, the picture following Caravaggio's effects of light and shade. There is something about the head and face, whether in a trick of expression of the eyes, or merely in the folds of drapery about the head, which reminds one of the Cenci, but there is none of the mystery in the St. Cecilia, only a sweet and pensive sadness and pathos.

Guido Reni's work had great harmony of color, and was especially sweet in re-

ligious subjects, but he showed a lack of vigor in his drawing (excepting in the "Aurora") and an unequal merit. This was atoned for in part by the great devotion with which he painted, and the fact that he was the son of musicians may have given him an especial *attrait* for the patroness of music. From his appearance one would not expect so much delicacy as he shows in his works, for his features have the rugged strength of Michael Angelo, and the sternness of some old ascetic. As Cartier says, "Moral beauty is the foundation of true beauty," and the Calvenzano painter had a rare loveliness of soul which atoned for his homely, austere face.

Of the modern painters those of the French school seem to have a particular fondness for St. Cecilia as a subject, but

they have not painted her martyrdom, and their conceptions of her are very unlike those of former masters.

Baudry, who decorated the foyer of the Grand Opera House at Paris, has a most extraordinary St. Cecilia, one which would make the devotional painters of the Middle Ages shiver at the strangeness of the conception. The Saint lies upon a couch, her organ upon the tessellated pavement by her side. She is asleep, in an attitude of exquisite grace, a smile just parting the lips, as if in her dreams she saw visions of beauty. About her are angel forms, some very beautiful, but scarcely angelic, and disporting themselves in the clouds in a manner thoroughly Frenchy and scarcely even artistic. Baudry was one of the greatest of the modern French artists, his coloring is

wonderful, his drawing subtly correct, and he won the *Grand Prix de Rome* in 1850, but as a religious painter he falls far behind the old masters.

A little later than Baudry, came Édouard Marie Guillaume Dubufe, figure and portrait painter, who was born in Paris in 1853. His father and grandfather had been artists and Legion of Honor men; and the latter was a pupil of the great David.

Dubufe *Fils*, as he is usually called (to distinguish him from his father) is noted for his magnificent technique. His most celebrated works are the pictures "Sacred and Profane Art," and "St. Cecilia," painted in 1878.

The "St. Cecilia" is a picture to make one weep for the degeneracy of the present day, so far as religious feeling goes, al-

though the picture itself is charming. There is a harmony of color, a grace and a charm of detail which reminds one of Alma-Tadema or Leighton. The background is lovely in the quiet, pleasant style of French landscape, the figures are graceful and natural, but the expressions lack utterly the religious feeling which makes a painting devotional, and enables it to elevate the soul beyond the sordid things of every day.

Dubufe's St. Cecilia is a very pretty French girl, rather refined, and of a purer type than the models often found in the *Quartier Latin*, but no more a Saint than the little urchin who plays the mandolin at her feet is a cherub. The extreme modesty and air of refinement about the picture, however, makes one take courage for the modern artists, and this feeling is

intensified when looking at Hofmann's picture of the same Saint.

As the greatest modern painter of Our Lord, Hofmann is too well known to need any biography, but his painting of St. Cecilia is unfamiliar. This is strange, as it is one of the most beautiful, if not the most perfect, of all modern ones.

It is the ideal Saint and artist: a head crowned with the martyr's crown; hair softly parted; a placid brow; pure eyes, which look listeningly away, as if hearing melodies more sweet than earthly sounds; features of beauty and nobility; a perfect throat, modestly veiled; garments rich and rare, as befitted her rank; a white hand, with slender fingers grasping her organ, — all this is Hofmann's St. Cecilia, but this does not tell the half. There is so much of the truest beauty, that of the soul, such

purity, such sweetness, such warmth, and yet such heavenliness in this most womanly of saints, that one remembers Shakespeare's lovely sonnet :

"A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false woman's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth."

Lauenstein's famous picture is as clever as Hofmann's, but his Saint is of a still different type. She is more intellectual, more delicate, and not quite so warmly tender, although equally beautiful in her serenity, loftiness, and grace. In her eyes is a dreamy rapture, as from her

"The human seems to fade away,
And down the starred and shadowed skies
The heavenly comes as memories come
Of home to hearts afar from home."

Her soul seems filled with solemn, joyful reveries, and

> "Like keyless chords of instruments
> With music's soul without the notes;
> And subtle, sad, and sweet there floats
> A melody not made by men,
> Nor ever heard by outer sense."

There is something peculiarly clever in the details of this painting. The martyr's palm is growing beneath the balustrade, as though not yet plucked for the brow which it was to adorn. The angels are singing to the Saint's accompaniment, but one white hand has dropped upon the keys upon which the other lingers lovingly, as if arrested at the sounds which seem to fill the air. Through the open window one can see the splendid towers and arches of Pagan Rome, as if in contrast to the city in the clouds, to which a

shadowy host of angelic forms is waiting to bear the heavenly organist.

In her life and death the fair Roman noblewoman showed the true beauty of a soul filled with the love of God. Because of her complete understanding of the fact that God-given talents must be returned whence they came, St. Cecilia enjoyed to the full all her marvellous graces and accomplishments. They were to her never a snare nor an occasion of vanity and worldliness, but, consecrated to God, they were used by Him for His glory.

"Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking Earth for Heaven."

Cecilia was beloved of men for her gracious sweetness and tender charity; she was beloved of those blest spirits whose joy is to serve and praise the Almighty One, because of her angelic purity and joyfulness; she was beloved of God for her perfect acquiescence in His gracious pleasure. Living a life which was, amidst all the discord of the times, a "concord of sweet sounds;" meeting a frightful death with songs of rejoicing that she was thought worthy to die for Him who had died for her; her last thought one of love and care for others, surely her life and death were in accord with the music of the angelic choirs, and she herself may be called Music's Saintly Votary.

"Down through a path where centuries are sleeping,
She comes to consecrate this age so cold;

We stop, amidst the clamor and the hurry,
To crown her as the angels did of old.

"And like the music from her viol floating,
Her spirit soothes and elevates the soul,
With triple power of saint, musician, woman,
She holds us in a gentle, sweet control."

The Painter of Angels

The Painter of Angels

"BROTHER Johannes Petri de Mugelli of Vicchio, who excelled as a painter and adorned many tables and walls in divers places, accepts the habit of a clerk in this convent, 1407, A. D."

So reads the quaint old chronicle of the Dominicans in Fiesole's white walls. This simple record is nearly all that remains of the early life of one of the world's greatest painters, Fra Angelico. His name was Guido; his father's Pietro; his younger brother was called Fra Benedetto.

The painter was born in a tiny hamlet among the sun-crowned Apennines, not

far from the spot where the immortal Giotto first saw the light. In his earlier years he developed a taste for art and was noted for his rare illuminations and miniatures. Gherardo Starnina was his master, and to the end of his life Angelico showed in the perfection of his hues the influence of this the most brilliant colorist of the age.

When he was only twenty years old, his work was much sought after and a wonderful future was predicted for him; but, inspired by the intense religious fervor of his age and race, he determined to devote all his talents to God.

His life was uneventful, yet very beautiful in its entire devotion to duty, and his name *Beato* (Happy) or Angelico was given him by universal consent, — not, as has been supposed, because he was the

painter of angels, but because of his blameless life and the almost inspired beauty of his artistic work.

"His pictures shine so near to Truth's great heart,
That through the ages Truth has in her home
The brightest stars in her celestial dome
Kept them alive; and will, till time is done,
Fill them with stronger light than fire or sun."

His nature may be surmised from his face — lofty, pure, with the strength of a great soul marked upon it — an artist's longings in the deep, unfathomable eyes, — thus is he portrayed by Carlo Dolci. Another picture shows him in profile: a rugged face with features strong, perhaps a little heavy, a fringe of coal-black hair under a round black cap; but in every likeness is the same lofty expression, the same strange gaze, as if conscious of heavenly visitants unseen by man.

So famous did Fra Angelico become that even the mighty Cosmo de' Medici besought his aid in decorating the splendid buildings with which he adorned "Firenze Bellissima,"[1] where the Uffizi and the far-famed tower of the Palazzo Vecchio raise their haughty heads above the swiftly-flowing waters of the silver Arno. Within these wondrous palaces are still many of the "angelic friar's" works, for Florence honors among her grandest sons the simple monk who was the friend of Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and Donatello.

All offers of money for his work Fra Angelico referred to the prior of his monastery, and he himself never received one *soldi* for his paintings. "All for the glory of God" and to raise men's hearts

[1] Most beautiful Florence.

heavenward he painted, devotion to the ideal in every stroke of his brush; and small wonder is it that the paintings of such a man, the outgrowth of so chaste a soul, should to-day stir the heart to purer, loftier motives.

Vasari says that Angelico showed "profound intelligence in the arrangement and composition of his paintings;" and another critic writes, "Few painters can rival Angelico in the gravity of his attitudes, the truthfulness of his expression, and the religious character of his work."

He has left us a series of the life of Our Lord, each picture a poem in its sweetness and purity of conception, its delicacy of execution. The Annunciation is one of his favorite subjects, and the gentle Girl-Virgin is portrayed with much beauty as listening to the angel who

whispers to her the wonderful secret which is to save the world:

"The angel with such glee
Beholds our queen, and so enamoured glows
Of her high beauty that all fire he seems.
. . . In him are summed
Whate'er of buxomness and free delight
May be in spirit or in angel met;
And so beseems, for that he bears the palm
Down unto Mary when the Son of God
Vouchsafed to clothe Him in terrestrial weeds."

In the famous "Annunciation" at Cortona, where many of Angelico's best paintings are, there is an almost Spanish interior of curving arches, against which the figures stand out in high relief. The coloring is exquisitely soft; the *chiaro-scuro* is marvellous, while in the striking effects of light and shade there lurks almost the magic touch of Ribera.

Very different from this softly lovely painting is the "Crucifixion," grand and

terrible, where the Blessed Virgin and St. Mary Magdalene, with the centurion and attendant Jews stand at the foot of the cross upon which two soldiers are nailing the Saviour of the world. Like all of Fra Angelico's paintings, this picture has a strong devotional aspect; but grand as is the figure of the crucified Christ — and the "angelic friar" could never paint the dying Saviour without his own face being bathed in tears — it is not so beautiful as the pictured Easter morning, when Our Lord appears to St. Mary Magdalene as she weeps over the empty tomb. Nothing could be more lovely than the beautiful simplicity of this work of art, with its soft Italian landscape, where Lombardy poplars raise their lofty crests toward heaven. The very flowers at the Saviour's feet seem to nestle lovingly about him, and the

surprised joy of St. Mary is shown in every curve of her lithe figure, while Our Lord is benignant love personified on that first sweet Easter morn as He is to-day. There is a strange, unearthly radiance to the picture, as if, with the poet, the artist felt:

"Light in the east! Light in the east! The sun
Upblazes in his splendour from the gloom.
Light in the east! — and all the doubt is past,
And all earth's beauty buds! The risen One
Has taken from our race the seal of doom;
Sweet peace has come — and we are free at last."

Lovely and artistic as are these paintings, it is as the painter of angels that Fra Beato excelled. "What are angels? Surely they are spirits — immortal spirits," said Launcelot Andrews in the sixteenth century; "for their nature or substance, spirits; for their quality or property, glorious; for their place or abode, heavenly;

for their duration or continuance, immortal." And of these exquisite beings Fra Angelico loved to think and dream, and the fairest works of one whom his contemporaries called "Maestro de Maestri" (Master of Masters) are of the heavenly host.

"Which in the midst their sportive pennons waved,
Thousands of angels; in resplendence each
Distinct and quaint adornment."

Angels are frequently met with in Holy Scripture, and nothing is more comforting than the thought of their presence. Especially do we find them in the life of Our Lord. There were the pure and radiant spirits which attended His birth, bearing the glorious tidings to the shepherds; during the days of his earthly toil and temptation "angels came and ministered unto Him;" and nothing is lovelier than the

memory of the heavenly forms which hovered o'er His tomb when, "the bitterness of death" tasted, His pure body lay alone where Joseph's gentle hands had placed that "temple of the Holy One."

Tenderly watchful, joyously triumphant are Angelico's resurrection angels; in the "Last Judgment" they almost throng the canvas. God as a judge, stern and repellent, sits upon a throne in the centre surrounded by the angelic host, the most enchantingly graceful winged spirits ever portrayed. Severe saints, most unattractive in their cold goodness, are ranged on either hand, and below at the right is the redeemed host being led heavenward by angelic messengers — as inimitable a conception and flawless execution as anything ever created by artist mind or mortal hand. Alas! Upon the other side, to mar

the beauty of the scene, with true, mediæval mysticism, are the doomed spirits in varieties of unpleasant attitudes. The lovely mind of the angelic painter did not readily lend itself to such themes; it was never attuned to discord, and evil is always inharmonious. Angelico had not the daring of Rubens nor the vigor of Tintoretto; and this part of the painting, while its very contrast gives us warning and teaches a lesson, fails to elicit the admiration with which our mind fairly thrills when gazing upon the other portion. Ever the gentle friar's forte was to paint

"Those bright, celestial spirits,
Who, hovering round the throne of God, do sing
His praises glad to all eternity; yet seek
Our wretched earth whene'er His bidding wills."

One of Fra Angelico's favorite subjects was the Madonna and Child, with attend-

ant angels, and in the famous gallery of the Uffizi in Florence is the best known of all his works,— the "Madonna of the Grand Tabernacle." If all the rest of his paintings had long since sunk into oblivion, he would still be famous for this matchless picture and he would seem to us as one,

> "Who, journeying through the darkness, bears a light behind,
> That profits not himself, but makes his followers wise."

The Madonna is clad in long, floating garments, their draperies indescribably graceful. She gazes upon the Child-God, who stands in her lap holding "the world in the hollow of His hand," and her expression is replete with love and reverence. About the exquisitely carved Florentine frame are angel forms, and these are the

creations of which all visitors to the "Lily City of the Arno" speak in wondering delight as the "Fra Angelico angels." Over the antique painting ages have thrown a softening veil which seems to render it only more beautiful, and still the coloring beggars description.

Ruskin says: "There is a certain confidence in the way in which angels trust to their wings, very characteristic of a period of bold and simple conceptions;" and these angels seem to float upon the air like fleecy clouds upon the azure beauty of a radiant summer sky.

The angel with the trumpet is perhaps the best known of all Angelico's angel spirits. Tenderly worshipping is the gaze of its pure, far-seeing eyes, like fair twin stars in beauty; gorgeous is the vivid crimson of its trailing garments;

wonderful the brilliance of its many-eyed and golden wings; gleaming the subtle radiance of its mystic halo; marvellous the airy, free, and floating grace of its swaying figure, its upraised arm, and firm white hand.

Very different, though no less lovely, is the angel with the mandolin, a simple symphony in heavenly azure, its waving golden locks pushed back from a face on which sweet music has set her seal, and in whose expression is the intentness of one whose ears are listening, waiting for some note of heavenly spheres beyond mere mortal ken. This lovely creature is almost a St. Cecilia in chaste beauty, and the companion angel with the tambourine has more thoughtfulness and far less childishness than one generally sees in angel paintings.

When comparing Benozzo Gozzoli and Fra Angelico, Mrs. Jameson, the great art critic, says: "His [Gozzoli's] master, Angelico — worthy the name! — never reached the same power of rapturous rejoicing of celestial beings, but his conception of the angelic nature remains unapproached, unapproachable. It is only his, for it was the gentle, refined nature of the recluse which stamped itself there. Angelico's angels are unearthly, not so much in form as in sentiment; and superhuman, not in power but in purity. In other hands any imitation of his soft, ethereal grace would become feeble and insipid. With their long robes around their feet, their drooping, many-coloured wings, they seem not to fly or walk, but to float along, 'smooth gliding without step.' Of his own paintings Fra

Angelico said little, yet he could have said:

"'I painted, and the very truth my paintings seemed to be;
Each figure on my canvas with quick life appeared to glow,
Every feature moving, speaking — "Let great Angelo
Teach the rest as his disciples, but learn alone of me."'"

Fra Angelico died at the age of sixty-eight, in 1455, and the more we study the life of this painter — a life which was "one soft, serene beatitude" — the less remarkable does it seem that his paintings are what they are; marvellous as they seem, they are but the exponents of his lovely life.

Vasari is not given to flattery, and many are the painters of whom his rapier-like pen has written ill, yet for Guido da

Petri he has only praise. "Fra Giovanni," he tells us, "was a man of blameless character, and during his pure and simple life was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul must now be in heaven.

"He painted incessantly, but would never represent any but a sacred subject. He might have been rich, but he scorned it, saying that true riches consisted in being content to be poor. He might have enjoyed dignities both within and without his convent, but he declared that life had but one end in view, to flee from the evils of hell and approach the joys of Heaven.

"Humane and sober, he lived a chaste life, avoiding the snares of the world; and he was wont to say that the pursuit of art required rest and a life of holy

thought, that he who illustrated the acts of Christ should be with Christ."

Surely this fifteenth-century artist well understood that

"Art is true art when art to God is true,
And only then; to copy Nature's work
Without the chains that run the whole world through
Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk
In its clear depths; no soul, no truth is there.
Oh, praise your Rubens and his fleshly brush!
Oh, love your Titian and his carnal air!
Give me the thrilling note of pure-toned thrush,
And take your crimson parrots. Artist-Saint!
O, Fra Angelico, your brush was dyed
In hues of opal, not in vulgar paint;
You showed to us pure joys for which you sighed.
Your heart was in your work, you never feigned;
You left us here the Paradise you gained!"

His was a lovely soul; a saintly nature. He was a man who with the highest genius, in the midst of the fiercest temptations of turbulent times, learned the true secret of living, to "render unto

God the things which are God's," — such was Guido da Petri, Giovanni of Fiesole, Fra Beato, the painter of angels, the "angelic painter."

"Where glide the liquid waters of the Po,
Amidst the snows of haughty Apennine,
Thy hamlet sheltered by the fringèd pine,
The snowy peaks with splendor all aglow,
Frail Alpine roses gleaming through the snow,
All nature tinged in soft encarnadine,
The pure elixir of the air like wine,
Thy gentle soul had birth, Angelico.

"Thy paintings are like happy, holy prayers
Envoiced long since, yet breathing worship still;
Blessèd thou wert, men called thee 'Beato;'
Thy soul seemed freed from earthly cares,
Thy life was hid with Christ, thy law His will,
Pure angel painter, Fra Angelico."

Angels in Art

Angels in Art

THE Greek word for angel means "a messenger," or bringer of good tidings, and although the early theologians of the Church divide angels into three classes, — "Seraphim, Dominations, and Princedoms,"— we have learned to think of them more as those bright spirits, archangels and angels, who are permitted to visit the earth and whose fairy-like forms "cleave the air with flight precipitate."

A quaint and pretty title of Our Lord in early times was "The Great Angel of the Will of God," and nothing in all the legendry of religion is dearer than the theme of angelic visitants. In many

forms they came to the ancients, and why not still to us? Nowhere in Holy Scripture does it say that they have ceased to appear, any more than it says that miracles no longer exist.

Nothing in art is lovelier than the portrayals of those heavenly beings whom the most inartistic must admire because

> "Such grace
> The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured."

At the second council of the Church, John of Thessalonica said that angels should be represented as having human form; and religious painters ever since have thus portrayed them. They have been painted as youthful and happy because never debarred from God's presence; passionless, because merely executing the Divine Will and not acting from

their own desires; winged, to symbolize power over space and natural laws. Their wings are large and slender, drooping sometimes and dyed like the peacock's, at others snowy white or with "colors dipped in heaven," according to the fancy or conceit of the painter.

Later on, instead of allowing the forms to end in wings or drapery, the artists represented the angel with closely sandalled feet, the cherubs even with wingèd feet as in old statues of Mercury. They were always masculine, perhaps because, Madame de Staël says, "the union of power with purity constitutes all that we mortals can imagine of perfection."

The nimbus about the head, always an attribute of artistic angels, represented the glory of those perfected spirits privi-

leged to see God, and very suitable it seems,

"So lively shines in them Divine resemblance."

Many are the functions of angels. In the Old Testament we find them sent continually to the earth as the instruments of God's wrath or mercy. When Adam and Eve were expelled from the garden, an angel with a flaming sword went before them. Angels appeared to Jacob, to Balaam, turning his curses into blessings, and nowhere is there a more superb representation of the angelic host than in Raphael's picture of Heliodorus in the Stanza of the Vatican.

The visit to Abraham is among the favorite subjects of angel painters in the early ages of the Church, and Memling, a great painter of the Flemish school, has

a painting of Abraham's celestial visitants which is well worth study. It is one of the famous miniatures in the Library of St. Mark, Venice, and it represents a wrinkled and patriarchal Abraham, robed in scarlet and white, kneeling with clasped hands and looking upward with an exceedingly dubious expression. Three very stiff individuals in priestly robes stand at one side regarding the Patriarch somewhat severely. Their wings are rampant, and their faces of the approved soggy, Flemish type, but the accessories of the picture are exquisite,— the rich, soft hues, the perfect detail of the background where, from an Eastern portico, peers a turbaned head, and the matchless execution of the house, overgrown with vines and flowers.

Very different from this are the New

Testament representations of angelic appearances, and the "Deliverance of St. Peter," in the Vatican Gallery, is perhaps the best example of the manner in which artists weave fact and romance into a perfect exponent of their genius.

The picture is in three scenes. The angel appears to St. Peter, and wakes the sleeping prisoner between his stern Roman guards in mail and buckler. A bright light streams o'er the scene, and the whole great drama seems to be enacted before our eyes. In the painting on the right, St. Peter stands slightly in the background, his face, rugged and strong, framed by white hair and beard, the keys as "Regent of Heaven" held in his hand. The angel stands upright, his profile in view, one hand outstretched, the one holding a broken link of the chain. His

drapery floats in lines of indescribable grace about a lithe, agile form, his dark, waving hair floating back from a cameo-like profile against a brilliant halo of glory. His expression seems to combine all that is possible of sweetness, purity, and power, and one says all in saying that he possesses "the sweetness of Raphael."

A glance at the artist's countenance, that of an artist *pur et simple,* makes it seem befitting for him to paint angels. His is a beautiful face, a haunting face, with its quaintly graceful head-gear, its masses of dark hair, its pure brow and thoughtful eyes, its slender, aristocratic nose, its tender mouth and beauty-lover's chin. Verily this sixteenth-century Roman knew better than any other Italian of his day how to combine sentiment, religion, and

true art! He had a peculiar facility for portraying angels, influenced, perhaps, by his name — Raphael — for his patron the archangel. In those days of simple devotion men were not ashamed of their angel guardians, and celebrated with tongue and pen and brush the praises of those angels who dwelt

> "In sight of God enthroned —
> A happy state."

From the actual facts of Holy Scripture many exquisite traditions have been deduced, forming legends at once beautiful and devotional, hence largely used in Art when the first great principle was to uplift men's souls and make them more attuned to high and lofty things.

When the Blessed Virgin washed Our Lord's linen by the rippling waters of the Virgin's Fountain in far-away Judea,

angels came and dried it, fanning it so gently with their snowy pinions that the bystanders saw them not and the Sweet Mother only smiled when they questioned her. The simple, homely scene has been a favorite theme for artists and other painters, representing Our Lord as toiling in His father's shop, the angels assisting His boyish hands to plane and rule, while others gathered up the chips and shavings.

In the garden, too, when His Sacred Heart broke with loneliness, they came and ministered unto Him; they were present at His baptism, His crucifixion, and at the tomb.

In legend and story angels are frequently represented as praising God —

"They sing, and singing in their glory move,
With songs
And choral symphonies day without night
Circling His throne rejoicing."

In the stern old Riccardi Palace, where the Arno flows along through storied Florence, and the mediæval lanterns still adorn the cornice, and the family coat of arms looks down as grimly as in those turbulent days when Guelph and Ghibelline struggle for the mastery, are Gozzoli's fanciful groups of angels.

Gozzoli was "Florentine in elegance of form, Venetian in sentiment," and his angels are simply enchanting!

In a detail of his "Paradiso" there is a group of singing angels which for grace and picturesqueness has never been excelled. They are feminine creations, lacking the power of Angelo's grand creatures and the perfection of Raphael's, but they are angels, — childish, sweet, simple souls, praising God and rejoicing in their praises.

Very different are the thoughtful creatures of Perugino, as different as is his wise, calm, somewhat sternly refined face with its floating fringe of dark hair, from Benozzo's more plebeian type.

Every art lover knows the Umbrian's "Assumption,"[1] where the most perfect of Virgins seems veritably before our eyes, caught up to the glory of companionship with God. Enchanting are the angels privileged to praise her, standing demurely at the foot of the great canvas. Their graceful yet modestly defined figures with their floating draperies, their quaint musical instruments, their piquant seriousness of expression, their perfectly moulded hands, their lovely, pure faces, more thoughtful, less childish, though none the less chaste than many angelic

[1] See page 210.

creations, — all these perfections stir the soul with rapture at the conception and execution of so much beauty.

A favorite way of representing angels was as worshipping before the Madonna and Child, and Raphael has a group in the Museum at Berlin where the Blessed Virgin is standing with an angel upon either side. The angels are a little prim but very sweet and childish, with many draperies, richer in texture than the cloud-like effects usually striven after. The Virgin is a genuine Raphael, tender, gentle, dark-haired, with the most natural sleeping baby, unspeakably touching, with His little head upon a chubby, childish arm which rests upon His Mother's bosom. There is a certain sweet significance in the manner in which the Child God is permitted to forget His weight of woe

in purely childish slumber, while His Mother watches over him with a brooding tenderness and a divine sadness in her eyes, in which the solicitude of true motherhood wars with a full understanding of the Divinity she is permitted to care for, the Holy Child over whose slumbers angels watch.

In the Uffizi, Ghirlandajo has a charming painting of the Madonna and Child with angels. The Blessed Virgin sits upon a raised dais, holding on her knee the Holy *Bambino*, a chubby little creature with a strangely old face. The Virgin's face is sweet and pure; her eyes fixed upon her Son, she is seemingly unconscious of the homage paid to her. In the background, charming, natural angel forms stand with lily branches, and upon the luxurious carpeted steps before the

group, kneel two figures, — Bishops in full canonicals, looking very like the old Doges or the *Signore* of Ghirlandajo's city of Florence. Such figures were often introduced into religious paintings of the Middle Ages, and they are called either *Divoto* or *Donatore* according as they were the givers of the picture or the patrons of the painter. Although at the first glance the introduction of comparatively modern characters in modern costumes appears incongruous, yet it seems fitting when one considers that it was intended by the artist to show the catholicity of the sentiment which, as Mrs. Jameson says, "saw Christendom everywhere and regarded the past only in relation to Christianity." Above the sages, on either side of the Blessed Virgin, stand St. Michael and St. Gabriel, the former a fine, strong,

erect figure, clad in armor, with sword and corselet, his face uncommonly beautiful, with a pure boyishness and latent strength which reminds one of that Sir Galahad whose

> "Strength was as the strength of ten
> Because his soul was pure."

Very different is the St. Michael by Memling, and some of this artist's pictures of angels or archangels are as fine as anything in Art.

Michael, Captain General of the Heavenly Host, Protector of the Jewish Nation, "The Great Prince that standeth for the children of Thy people," the Strength of God, Conqueror of Hell, Punisher of Lucifer, Leader of the Church Militant, — these are some of the names which signify to us the attributes of the mighty archangel.

Many times is he referred to in the

Scriptures as the instrument of the Divine Will or the Divine Wrath. He it was who appeared to Abraham, to Hagar, to the Army of Sennacherib; and many early legends tell us of his interposition in times of plague, pestilence, or famine, or of his appearance to aid his followers.

He appeared in a dream to the Bishop of Avranche in the eighth century, commanding that a chapel be built in his honor on a certain cliff, in order that sailors might see the light and be safe. From this legend arose the famous Mont-Saint-Michel in Normandy, one of the most glorious reminders of the days when Faith swayed the world and religion was poemed in stone.

Monseigneur St. Michel is also the Angel of Good Counsel, and an old French book tells us that he is a great revela-

tion to men "*en leur donnent moult saints conseils.*"

Memling's St. Michael is a strangely beautiful creation. The saint stands in the middle of the canvas, his keen sword and cross-hilted lance in hand, his tunic covered with a magnificent robe in the heavy German style of embroidery.

> "Over his lucid arms
> A military vest of purple flowed
> Livelier than Melobœan, or the grain
> Of Sarra won by kings and heroes old,
> In time of truce."

His floating, dark hair is bound with a jewelled tiara, his banner is beside him. His face is strong, brave, and earnest; the face of one with high purpose and firm resolve, one who could never be shaken from a principle and knew no caprice, — a fit instrument of the Divine Will. This is even more typically one's idea of St.

Michael than the great picture of Raphael's, so famous and well known, in which he portrays the conflict with Lucifer.

Very different from the might of the Archangel Michael is the loveliness of St. Gabriel, the Messenger, — "Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God," — "l'angelo annunziatore."

So closely allied is the archangel to his greatest mission, that of announcing the approaching birth of the Redeemer, that we seldom meet with single figures of him, and even when he is represented alone, he bears the annunciation lily or the scroll inscribed "A. M. G. P." (Ave Maria, gratia plena).

Martino (not the Sienese Martini, but Giovanni Martino) has a charming picture in the Academy at Venice. St. Gabriel with one hand holds his flowing drapery

about him and grasps a slender lily stalk, while the other, in curves of perfect grace, is raised heavenward.

The face is tender, earnest, sweet, and thoughtful, filled with the gravity of the mission he is given to perform. There is something feminine, perhaps, in the conception, and yet it is so entirely angelic that it seems to have all the grace of purest, loftiest nature, the true angel of whom Dante wrote,

> "L'angel che venne in terra col decreto
> Della molt' anni lagrimata pace."

Vivarini's Angel of the Annunciation is a stiff creature, holding a straight lily stem, with a halo resembling, *en profile*, nothing so much as a tin plate, and such an absurdly pouting expression that one wonders, irreverently, whether it could be possible for an angel to be in a bad temper. How-

ever, his outlines are so pure and graceful that one forgives the petulant lips, and is inclined to consider them but a freak of Time, meddling with defacing hand in the work of art.

Giotto's "Annunciation" is awe-inspiring, wonderful. The lovely interior of a Jewish house, *miradores*, draperies, sunshine — these accessories done in marvellous detail would stamp the painting as his own, did not the peculiar delicacy of the angel's form proclaim his master touch. It is an angel indeed! It seems to realize all that is to occur, that the Messiah is to be announced. Its clear-cut, beautiful face has an awe and gravity well befitting the words to fall from his lips, his slender finger is raised, and a glory irradiates his form.

So purely delicate was the little Floren-

tine painter that his angel seems a fitting outcome of himself, but when one looks at Sassoferrato's face it does not seem possible that he could have painted his St. Gabriel. He has a large head, full, almost coarse face, heavy mustache and goatee, black hair brushed low over a round, bullet-like forehead, marred by a deep frown. Heavy brows beetle above deep-set eyes, the latter his only indication of genius, for they are large, unfathomable, glowing eyes, burning as if with fires of unutterable things, far-seeing and wonderful. It is the face of a peasant, redeemed from positive brutality only by those marvellous eyes and strong, well-cut, firmly compressed lips. And his "Annunciation"? It is everything tender and delicate. There is a background of towers and houses and sky in the genuine

Bolognese manner, intense shadows, and a foreground of breadth and light. A sweet, simple little Madonna, draped in heavenly blue, kneels in a graceful attitude, her face without a trace of the Jew, almost Japanese in its high forehead and neat bandeau of soft black hair. It is the Angel of the Annunciation, however, which most strikes the attention, for we have seen lovelier Virgins, but more angelic angels, never. How exquisitely lovely is the chaste figure! He kneels before the Blessed Virgin with his flowing robes, his lily, his snowy wings. His face is thoughtful, pure, sweet, with a clear-cut outline and a religious sentiment which goes to the heart. Yet this picture, finished work of Art though it is, has not the devotion which inspires the "Annunciation," by *Maestro* Murillo.

Here we see a neat Spanish interior. The Blessed Virgin has been reading from a huge missal, the lily blooms at her side, and she is the sweetest of girlish figures, very human, yet incomparably innocent-looking, with the tender grace and childish beauty of a dainty little Andalusian maid. Her angel visitant is indeed one befitting his message. His is the most graceful, boyish face which leans toward hers, slender fingers point heavenward where the baby cherubs descend from the clouds — Murillo's darling Niños — whom he so loved to paint that he felt no picture complete without them. Many compare his *niños* unfavorably with Correggio's cherubs, lovely groups of bodiless creatures with tangles of curling hair and little expression beyond that infantine loveliness, but Murillo's child angels have all the grace

of Correggio's, and more thoughtfulness, as his Child-God is always far more than a mere chubby Italian *bambino*.

Very sharply defined is the difference between St. Michael and St. Gabriel, yet the Archangel Raphael is quite as distinctive a character. As St. Michael is God's Instrument, and Gabriel His Messenger, it is Raphael to whom He has entrusted the affairs of His earthly children. He is the Prince of Guardian Angels.

"The affable Archangel Raphael; the sociable spirit that deigned to travel with Tobias," he is called, and of all the legends about him the story of Tobias is the most famous in Art. Cima da Conegliano, the Venetian, has a painting of Tobias in which the boy, carrying his fish, has laid his hand upon the angel's arm, and St.

Raphael is talking sweetly and pointing out the way.

Luini's Tobias is bound and just starting on his journey, led by the archangel, a group of spectators idling near by, and a background of a fine palace with marble steps. The little lad is pitifully sad, but the angel is watching over him with an expression of such eager interest and protecting guardianship that no one could fail to feel assured that all would be well,— a pretty conceit and infinitely touching even in to-day's work-a-day world.

Botticelli's "Tobias" is one of the examples of Filipepi the Florentine's matchless skill, and a St. Raphael to be remembered. Nothing in Art surpasses the flying quality of the figures. All the draperies seem fairly alive and afloat,

as the little Jewish lad, led by the angel, hurries along, evidently upheld by some spiritual agency, yet seemingly unconscious of his unseen guide. St. Michael stands upon his right, soldier as well as saint, sword in hand, his empty scabbard by his side, a stern dignity in his mien; while sweet little St. Gabriel, lily-pure, follows in his train. The St. Raphael is benignant, kindly, but more vigorous than many portrayals of him, and, fine as he is, he does not appeal to us quite as does Carlo Dolci's archangel, now in the Uffizi.

The artist's portrait of himself shows us a grim, hollow-cheeked, dark-haired, austere painter, with a wistful sadness of darkly mournful eyes. An added peculiarity of the portrait is that it shows front face and profile on the same canvas, both done by his own brush.

He is so dreamy, that quaint old Florentine, that one is not surprised to see the same element in his St. Gabriel. His is a young face, perfectly pure and sweet, yet with a strange glimmer of sadness within the depths of the eyes, as if contact with mortals brought sorrow, and unwonted thoughts lurked within the mind. Something of "the Godhead's most benignant grace" rests upon the calm brow, and even Raphael Sanzio, great Master and genius, "steeped in the glow and glory of old Rome," has painted nothing more perfect than this seventeenth-century masterpiece.

Of the Guardian Angels of which St. Raphael is Prince there have been countless paintings, and none more beautiful than Murillo's, now in the Seville Cathedral. The lovely, floating creature,

"something between a thought and a thing," scarce seems to touch the ground, or as if "to touch the stars had been an easy flight." One hand, raised aloft, points to a heavenly bit of Spanish sky; the other enfolds a *chica*,[1] a dainty, toddling thing. There is indescribable grace in the two figures, while the devotion in every line of the picture shows one why Murillo was the greatest religious painter of his age and clime, since he felt all he painted, and each stroke of his brush was a *Sursum Corda!* So pure was he that he breathed purity into each line, and few could look unmoved upon this painting, or fail to offer up a prayer to the Angel Guardian which it portrays.

So great was the mediæval devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and so abundantly

[1] Little maid.

did the subject of the Guardian Angel of Our Lady lend itself to artistic treatment, that one wonders that none of the great Masters have left a picture of this charming theme.

Carlo Dolci would have painted such a picture excellently well, or Raphael, or sweet Fra Angelico or, perhaps, best of all, Murillo would have portrayed in the baby the dawnings of Mary's sweetness, and in the Angel all of protecting love. It was a high destiny, — that of Mary's guardian angel, whom a modern poet has thus apostrophized :

" O, angel guide, who by the crib
A sacred tryst did keep,
Where Mary lay asleep,
With what fond eyes didst thou then contemplate
The little Maid, the Maid Immaculate !

" And what a joy it was to thee
To watch her baby ways,
Knowing the golden days

To come, when she the mother guide should be
To Him Whom love led up to Calvary.

"O, happy hours, when thou didst walk,
Protector by her side,
Content there to abide
Always, and see, within its 'House of gold,'
The lily of her purity unfold!"

Guercino's Guardian Angel is neither masculine nor feminine, for sex is lost in the marvellous combination of strength, power, grace, intelligence, and sweetness.

Mrs. Jameson criticises this artist severely, but there can be no need of her strictures in this case. The angel is a veritable "Bird of God," as Dante called an angel, and the Bolognese seems to have caught and arrested the peculiar, floating movement of a bird. His angel has sweetness without insipidity, protecting strength with no hint of coarseness, sentiment *sans*

sentimentality, and it is a fitting type of those blessed spirits whose

> "Love pursues an ever devious race,
> True to the winding lineaments of grace."

Such are angels, — "travellers 'twixt life and death;" and constant and tender should be our devotion and love to them, especially to our gentle, faithful Angel Guardian, eschewing the blissful joys of heaven to guide our vagrant footsteps thitherward, — such love

> "As doth become mortality,
> Glancing at Heaven."

A Saintly Scholar

A Saintly Scholar

GRANDDAUGHTER of Constantius Chlorus, niece of Constantine the Great, and daughter of Costis and Queen Sabinella, St. Catherine of Alexandria, or Ækatherina, as the Greeks called her, was born to the purple.

The Greek Menology of the Emperor Basil tells us that at the age of fourteen, her father dying, she was left heiress of the kingdom of Egypt. So wonderful was her learning, so great her talents, that all marvelled at her wisdom. She spent her days and nights in the severest study, the most ardent research; Plato was her favorite author, and philosophy to her a

mere pastime. Not only was she learned and clever beyond her years, but she was graceful and beautiful, and of a lovely nature, —

> "As mild as any saint,
> Half canonized by all that looked on her,
> So gracious was her tact and tenderness."

Fearing that her studies would prevent her from attending to the government, her councillors besought her to marry.

"You are our sovereign lady the Queen," they said; "and it is well known to us that ye possess four notable gifts: the first is that ye be come of the most noble blood in the whole world; the second, that ye be a great inheritor; the third, that in science, cunning, and wisdom ye surpass all others; and the fourth, that in bodily shape and beauty there is none like to you. Wherefore we beseech you, lady,

that these good gifts with which the great God hath endowed you beyond all creatures else, may move you to take a lord to your husband, to the end that ye may have an heir, to the comfort and joy of your people."

But Catherine heard them with doubt and sadness. She did not care for dreams of love, as other maidens did. She could speak of

> "Elegies,
> And quoted odes, and jewels — five-words long,
> That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle forever. . . . All that treats
> Of whatsoever is, the State,
> The total chronicles of man, the mind,
> The morals, something of the frame, the rocks,
> The state, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
> Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
> And whatsoever can be taught and known;"

all these things were easy for this fair Egyptian maid, but of lighter matters she

heeded little. For marriage she, scarce knowing why, felt much distaste.

She sat before her statesmen in silence,

"In a court
Compact with lucid marbles, with ample awnings gay
Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns of flowers.
The Muses and the Graces, grouped in threes,
Enringed a billowy fountain, in the midst;
And here or there, on lattice edges, lay
A book or lute."

At length the princess rose and replied: "My lords and lieges, give ear to my words. He that shall be my husband and the lord of my heart shall possess five notable gifts: he shall be of such noble blood that all men shall worship him; so great that I shall never think that I have made him king; so rich that he shall surpass all others in riches; so full of beauty that the angels of God shall desire to

behold him; and so benign that he will gladly forgive all offences done to him. Find me such an one and I shall gladly take him as my husband."

Then were the lords of the council much distressed, for well they knew that such a man it was impossible to find in all the earth. Nevertheless, they searched far and wide, while Queen Catherine studied the more, perfecting herself in all the arts and sciences.

Meantime there came to her one day a holy hermit, a Christian, who told her that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him and informed him that her son was the bridegroom desired by Catherine. Upon his presenting the young Queen with a portrait of Our Lord, her heart was filled with such a longing to behold him that she forgot all else.

That night a vision came to her, and in her dreams she too saw the Blessed Virgin, fairer than all the beautiful women of earth,

"Pure as mountain snows, of gleaming white,
And sweet as fragrant rose, formed to delight."

Our Lady took her lovingly by the hand and led her to Our Lord, saying: "My Lord and my Son, lo, I have brought unto You Catherine, Your servant and maid, who for love of You hath renounced all earthly things."

Alas! Our Lord turned sadly away and said, "She is not fair or beautiful enough for me!" at which Catherine wept bitterly and awoke.

When the morning light broke, she sent in haste for the old hermit and told him her dream, to which he replied: "O Queen! no one can come into the joy of

Our Lord who hath not believed, for there is no other name by which salvation cometh to mankind. You must, therefore, believe and be baptized, for the darkness of heathendom is over you like a cloud and obscures the beauty of your soul. You must know that your beauty is so rare that all who look at you look again to marvel; but to Him who knoweth our hearts and seeth not the mere outer shell, the soul must be lovely, else is the whole not beautiful. When you are purified in baptism, then will you see that you are fair enough for the King of Glory; for

'The soul is a rare essence; like the quick
And subtle spirit of the rose, it floods
Each chamber of its earthly house with fragrance.'"

Then did the Queen hear his instructions gladly, and she, with her mother, Sabinella, was baptized.

That night she dreamed again of the Heavenly Courts, and the Virgin Mary presented her to Christ, saying, "Lo! here is the maiden and she hath been baptized, and I myself have been her godmother."

Then the Lord Christ smiled upon her, and placed a ring upon her finger to plight her troth.

When she awoke she marvelled greatly at the ring upon her hand, and regarded herself as vowed to Heaven, leading a life of purity and holiness.

At that time there came to the beautiful city of Alexandria the tyrant Maxentius, who persecuted the Christians cruelly; and when this news came to the ears of the Queen, she came forth from her palace, and, standing upon the temple steps, she pleaded for her people and

argued for the truth of the Christian religion. Quoting from Plato, Socrates, and the Sibylline books, she overcame in argument fifty of the most learned heathen and they were converted to the Faith. This enraged Maxentius so greatly that he ordered them all put to death, and they went gladly forth to martyrdom, regretting only that they were unbaptized.

"Be of good cheer," said the Queen, "for your blood shall be accounted to you for baptism and the flames as a crown of glory."

Then the emperor dragged Catherine to his palace, tempting her in every way; but she repelled him with disgust, saying, "How could I dream to wed with you, poor earthly king, who can give but the poor splendors of this world! The King of all Heaven is my Eternal Lover."

At this Maxentius threw her into a dungeon, but there angels came and ministered unto her, and it was filled with fragrance and light. Flowers bloomed about her, herself the fairest flower, in sweetness like "the rose, the nightingale of flowers."

At last the tyrant ordered her to be put to the most cruel of deaths. A wheel was made to revolve in different directions, so that when bound upon it her tender body would be torn limb from limb; but the saint prayed to God, and He sent angels who broke the wheel and smote her executioners. At this Maxentius ordered her to be beheaded, and thus she met her martyrdom.

Legend tells us that her body was carried by angels to Mount Sinai in Arabia, and of this Falconius, Archbishop

of San Severino, says: "As to what is said that the body of this saint was conveyed to Mount Sinai, the meaning is that it was carried by the monks of Sinai, that they might devoutly enrich their dwelling with such a treasure. It is well known that the name of an angelical habit[1] was often used for a monastic one, and that monks (on account of their heavenly purity and functions) were anciently called angels."

The Crusaders of the eleventh century brought the legend of St. Catherine to Europe, and Simeon, a monk of Sinai, coming to Rouen to receive the annual alms of Robert the Pious, Duke of Normandy, brought with him some of her relics, which he left in France.

St. Catherine has been a favorite pa-

[1] Schema aggelikon.

troness of many, notably the University of Padua, which opens the day after her feast; the Venetian doges, of whom Pietro Gradenigo, in 1397, instituted a grand festival in her honor, called to this day "Festa dei Botti;" and Jeanne d'Arc. This lovely maiden showed much of St. Catherine's constancy and purity, and it is said to have been a vision of the saint which first inspired her to save France. Her white standard, with the lily and the holy names, "Jesus, Maria," was modelled after one which the saint showed her in a vision, and her sword was discovered by a revelation in the church of St. Catherine at Fierbois.

An indication of the saint's popularity lies in the fact that even in Protestant England there are to-day over fifty churches dedicated to her.

It might be well for the "New Woman," who is striving for the higher education and greater prominence of her sex, to read the life of St. Catherine. To this day she is known as the patroness of schools, colleges, learning, elocution, philosophy, scientists. She occupied a public place, "the observed of all observers;" she commanded the highest worldly position, riches, and honor; yet with all she was the most lovely of women, — pure, gentle, sweet, womanly to the core. Perhaps the explanation of this perfection lies in the fact that she had before her the highest of motives, the most flawless of models, — the desire to be pleasing to Our Lord and to be like His Mother.

The Fathers of the Church did not at all object to learning in women, but realizing, as a wise man of a later date, that

"a little learning is a dangerous thing," they wished the sex to "drink deep" from the "Pierian spring," the fountain-head of all Wisdom, Him who is Wisdom and Knowledge. A wise writer has said: "Understanding is the light of the soul," and it is plain how exceedingly this is enlarged by the exercise and acquisition of solid science and useful knowledge. A piece of ground left wild produces but weeds and briars, and the difference is not less between a rough mind and one that is well cultivated. Women especially, upon whom the instruction of children mainly depends, ought to be well instructed in the motives of religion, the articles of faith, and all practical duties and maxims of piety. After this may follow "a tincture of the works of genius and spirit, and other accomplishments;"

but religion should always be placed first, since "learning is, next to virtue, the most noble ornament and the highest improvement of the human mind."

In Art St. Catherine is known by her thoughtful, meditative expression, her noble and aristocratic features, and her purity and dignity of mien. Her symbols are the martyr's palm, the royal crown, the book, the sword (signifying the manner of her death), the roses of innocence and purity; but the wheel, her instrument of torture, is her constant attribute. Many other saints have the other symbols; she alone has the wheel.

The best-known painting of St. Catherine alone is one by Raphael, now in the National Gallery, London.

Leaning upon her wheel, she stands in

the centre of the canvas, in the background a lovely Bolognese landscape. Her tall, rather full form is draped in blue garments; a robe of richest crimson is held about her by one white, large hand. The other is laid upon her breast; her throat is bare; a halo encircles the well-shapen head, with its bands of soft, cloudy-looking hair. The forehead is high and broad; the dark eyes, upturned to heaven, have much thoughtfulness in their gaze; the features, though by no means artistically perfect, are expressive and high-bred, and the whole figure is womanly, refined, and warmly thoughtful, rather than expressive of cold intellectuality, and it is in the best style of the Bolognese school.

In a picture by Signorelli, St. Catherine stands with St. Augustine and St. An-

thony,[1] in an attitude of devotion, carrying a book and the martyr's palm; and here she is younger, more delicate, more chaste-looking than in Raphael's famous picture.

Gaudenzio Ferrari's painting of her martyrdom is perhaps one of the most remarkable paintings of the fifteenth century. Ferrari was a Lombard, and possessed of all the marvellous *chiaroscuro* of the school which produced a Luini and a Da Vinci. The dark background is alive with sullen, furious figures. From a balcony above the wicked Maxentius watches the scene, a smile upon his evil face. Soldiers throng about the horrid instrument of torture. On either side the executioners await the word to begin their fiendish deed.

[1] See page 27.

In the centre of this horrid scene kneels the saint. Bound upon the wheels, her serene eyes cast up to heaven, she seems all undisturbed by the woes of earth, so great is her faith. Her hands are upraised, her unbound hair covers her form, only partially draped in a rich red robe. Her face, intellectual, refined, and chastely beautiful, expresses faith, hope, resignation.

Things are seldom absolutely beautiful or wholly ugly in this world. They are so only in contrast to something more or less so, and in the contrasts of this painting lies its beauty.

The contrast of the dark, evil, fiendish faces of the heathen, with the full light upon the features of the frail Christian girl, makes a picture not easily forgotten, one of those which holds a lesson for each gazer.

St. Catherine is frequently painted with other saints, either as companion to St. Dorothea and St. Agnes (two early Christian maiden martyrs), or as adoring the Blessed Virgin. One of the most perfect modern portrayals of her is in a painting by Von Schraudolph, the Munich artist. The Blessed Virgin is seated upon a dais under a crimson canopy. She wears a blue robe, a crown is on her head, from which her soft brown hair floats back under a filmy white veil, and she holds Our Lord upon her knee. To the left are the three angels, — St. Michael with his sword, St. Gabriel with the Annunciation lilies, St. Raphael with his wand. Little, simple, lovely St. Agnes, with an innocent, childish face, kneels to the left of the angels, the martyr's palm in her hands, her soft hair brushed back from an open

brow. Kneeling in an attitude of indescribable grace is St. Dorothea, her patrician head crowned and veiled, as was the custom for the high-born maidens of her time and race, her lap full of roses, red and white, recalling the pretty story of the heavenly roses brought to her by the angel. She lays the flowers at Our Lady's feet. Next to her, kneeling with a sort of proud grace, is the patroness of learning. A broken wheel lies upon the tessellated pavement at her feet; she is clad in a superb robe of gold-wrought samite; her brown curls are surmounted by a golden crown, as befits the rank of the princess-martyr, and her face — with its arched brow, clear-cut, chiselled features, its expression of unconscious hauteur (not mere pride of birth, but that inborn pride which scorns to commit a mean action) — is that

of an ideal saint, and one says, with the poet,

> "What shall I liken unto thee?
> A lily bright,
> Whose virgin purity and grace
> Fulfils the soul, as doth thy face,
> With all delight.
> What shall I liken unto thee?
> A blushing rose,
> Which redolent of fragrance rare,
> Half opened to the summer air,
> All sweetness grows."

Yet the saint of learning was more than lily and rose, though with the purity of one and the grace of the other. She had strength as well as sweetness, and many of her portraitures — none of them are genuine portraits — are disappointing to the idea of intellectuality and beauty which one has formed of her.

This is particularly noticeable in Correggio's famous picture of the "Marriage of St. Catherine," for his little saint,

though very sweet, girlish, and winsome, and painted with the indescribable Correggioesque softness, is far from intellectual. Of this picture Vasari has said that the "heads appeared to have been painted in Paradise," and the whole picture is one which will bear unlimited study. St. Catherine leans on her broken wheel, her sword beside her, in front of the Blessed Virgin, upon whose lap sits the Baby Christ, about to place the ring upon the saint's hand. The Virgin's face is lovely beyond words, with the sweet, womanly beauty of Correggio's women; the baby is the sweetest of Child Gods, and St. Sebastian, with his arrows and his boyish face, looks over St. Catherine's head, smiling at the scene. Curiously enough, in the background of the picture is displayed the martyrdom of both the saints, and the

landscape is too soft and peaceful to suit such awful scenes.

In the Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace, is a picture of the "Marriage of St. Catherine" by Anthony Van Dyck, and it is another disappointment as to the saint, although the Virgin has been called "la plus belle des Vierges."

Those familiar with Van Dyck's "St. Anthony worshipping the Infant Christ" will at once recognize in the Virgin the same figure as appears there, graceful, slender, with a face of far more intellectuality than the painters of those days sometimes gave to the Mother of God. The St. Catherine is a rather untidy individual, with numerous ill-arranged draperies, floating hair, and a peculiar expression, and she is only recognizable by her wheel and palm as the patroness of learning.

The Infant Christ is not one of Van Dyck's best; indeed the whole painting, despite the indisputable beauty of the Blessed Virgin, is so unlike the great master's work that one is inclined to think that he painted only the Virgin, leaving the rest to be finished by his pupils.

This was the case with another great painter, for in the convent of Los Capuchinos, in lovely Cadiz, there hangs a painting of the "Marriage" of the Scholar-Saint, which has very mournful associations. It is the work of *Maestro* Murillo, the greatest of Spanish artists. While absorbed in his painting one day, he stepped back to view the effect and fell from the scaffolding, being injured so severely that he never painted again, and Meneses Osorio finished the work. It is unmistakably a Murillo. The Virgin he so loved

to paint, with her gentle face, her pensive air; the Child God, so wise, so charming; the attendant angels; the graceful saint, her dress rich, her attitude devotional, her face noble, beside her upon the stone-flagged floor her wheel and sword; the soft, *vaporoso* background upon which float airy, chubby darling cherubs, the shadowy corners and the shaft of light from the *patio* beyond, — ah, nobody but the great master could have painted such a picture!

Somewhat similar to this in conception, though far inferior in devotion, is a painting of St. Catherine by Paolo Veronese in Venice, and this is also very like to Tintoretto's painting of the same subject. There is the same splendor of attire, the same crowded canvas, cherubic host, and cloudy background. The Veronese Virgin is lovely, the Infant Christ is utterly un-

concerned, the saint kneels stiffly against her wheel. The magnificent blending of color atones for the flaws of the picture, and indeed, as a colorist, the friend and coadjutor of Tintoretto has never been excelled, while falling below his great contemporary in grace and form.

Treated as the sixteenth-century artists treated it, "La Spozalizio" is scarcely an attractive subject, and one wonders why it was a favorite with the mediæval painters. There are nearly half a hundred of these pictures in existence, and it seems strange that the other legend — that of Our Lord's refusing the unbaptized maiden as the bride of Heaven — should seldom have been painted, for it offers every artistic possibility.

Pinturicchio has a great picture of the "Dispute with the Philosophers," with

Maxentius on the throne; Vasari painted a theatrical picture of the same subject, and represents St. Catherine as

> "Among her grave professors, scattering gems
> Of art and science."

There have been many portrayals of her martyrdom, others of the miracle of breaking the wheel, but the "Marriage" has always been the favorite subject, showing the tendency of the age toward mystical art. Even in our own day there has been a beautiful painting of this subject, by Jäger, a painter of the Munich school, — a follower of Hofmann and Von Schraudolph, as the softness of his work shows. There is not a hard line in the painting; all is softness and grace. The Virgin is refined and thoughtful, the Christ-Child dignified and holy, the atten-

dant angels graceful and tender, the St. Catherine pure and beautiful. Harmonious and lovely as the picture is, the saint does not satisfy our ideal of the princess-martyr. She is too girlish, too gentle, too timid. There is much sweetness, but a lack of strength, and we want

> "A little of true steadfastness
> Rounded with perfect gentleness."

In the Brera at Milan is a picture of St. Catherine by Luini, a sixteenth-century Lombard, of which Mrs. Jameson says: "It is noticeable for the tranquil and refined character of the head of the saint, and the expression of death is exceedingly fine." The "Entombment of St. Catherine" it is called, and it is one of the loveliest of subjects. The tomb — a beautifully carved one — is open to receive the body which angels are lowering

into it, and the vigor and grace of their attitudes as compared with the still figure of the saint is beautiful and significant.

Mücke, a modern German painter of the Bavarian school, has a fine painting of the "Flight to Mount Sinai," of which an art critic has said, "the floating, onward movement of the group is most beautifully expressed."

Four angels, one with the sword, bear the saint's figure, her lovely, haloed head resting upon the shoulders of two of them, while they all seem floating through the air; and below is the sea and the plain of Syria.

These are lovely pictures, artistic, symbolic, devotional, yet we turn away from all with a sense of acute disappointment. Where is our ideal — the gentle, womanly, intellectual saint who was to prove so

salutary a lesson to the rampant "New Woman," and prove that the Church, in preserving this type of learned woman, willed that her children should not be mere puppets, playthings for men, as were the heathen women oftentimes?

We have found her at last! — the perfect St. Catherine, —

> "All beauty compassed in a female form,
> The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
> Of some clear planet close upon the sun
> Than our man's earth, such eyes were in her head,
> And so much grace, and power breathing down
> From over her arched brows."

All her beauty one cannot describe.

There are the three figures which we have so often gazed upon: the simple, pensive Madonna, with her exquisite, gentle, thoughtful face, full of the divine mystery of motherhood; the lovely child, winsome and baby-like, yet with so much

godliness in its deep, far-seeing eyes; the pure, earnest features of the Saint, who leans forward to receive the betrothal ring, the symbol of her devotion to her heavenly Spouse; one can speak of these things, but cannot convey the least idea of their beauty.

The background of the picture is dark and rich, throwing into prominence the high-bred, clear-cut features of St. Catherine; her broad, open brow, placid and intellectual; her clear-cut, aristocratic nose; her white-lidded, drooping dark eyes, under straight brows; her full, sweet lips; her chin, strong and yet girlish in its delicate curves; her perfect throat, modestly veiled, the whole form full of womanliness and yet replete with intellectual fire, — this is indeed not only the ideal St. Catherine, the patroness of learn-

ing, but the ideal of the perfect religious, as the Divine Mother in all ages is the ideal of perfect motherhood.

Gazing upon this flawless type, one recalls the lines of the poet, —

"Eyes not dropt down nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear, pointed flame of chastity —
Clear without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the transcendent fane
Of her pure spirit; locks not wide dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head;
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,
Were fixèd shadows of thy fixèd mood.
. . . The crown and head
The stately flower of female fortitude.
The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edgèd intellect to part
Error from crime; a prudence to withhold;
The laws of marriage charactered in gold
Upon the blanchèd tablets of her heart —
But love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-pacèd counsel in distress,

Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride.
. . . The world hath not another
(Though all her fairest forms are types of thee
And thou of God in thy great charity) —
Of such a finished, chastened purity."

It was given to the genius of Murillo to paint this flawless picture; of Murillo, whose purity of life and morals was so great in the age in which he lived, that he scourged himself, fasted and prayed before beginning a holy picture, that his work might live after he was gone, to fill men's souls with beautiful thoughts and longings after everything "lovely and of good report," as was the life and death of the beautiful Princess-martyr, the patroness of learning, the Saintly Scholar of Alexandria.

Famous Assumptions

Famous Assumptions

IN the days when the Church was the cradle of Art nearly all the great painters devoted themselves to the portrayal of religious subjects, and many of the most famous pictures in the world's art history have been painted from scenes in the life of the Mother of Our Lord.

Of the pictures of the Blessed Virgin, perhaps none are better known than those representing her Assumption into Heaven, and they are interesting to us not only from an artistic point of view, but because they prove that a belief in that mystery has come down to us from the great minds of past ages. Even to-day it is a pious belief and not a dogma of the Church, and

yet it is only a proper sequence to all that has gone before.

> "A dewdrop, of the darkness born,
> Wherein no shadow lies;
> The blossom of a barren thorn,
> A rainbow beauty passion-free,
> Wherein was veiled Divinity," —

such was the Mother of God, and that she was the Mother of the God-Man few deny. The question naturally arises, "What honor should be paid to one whom God sufficiently honored to be 'subject to her'?"

A great writer says: "Nothing is too high for her to whom God owes His human life; no exuberance of grace, no excess of glory but is becoming; but it is to be expected there where God has lodged Himself," and those who realize, however faintly, the perfection of her earthly life

will feel that something different from the grave should await the stainless body of the "Lily among thorns." As she was obedient in life to all the laws of Church and state; obedient in the enrolment that the prophecies might be fulfilled; obedient in her Purification, though well she knew herself to be spotless; obedient to the law of love in her home at Nazareth, — so, too, in her death she was obedient to the laws of Nature.

But surely the perfect body which had never sinned should not endure the corruption of the death of the wicked, and Our Lord could not be happy in Heaven without His Mother!

"Nor Bethlehem nor Nazareth
Apart from Mary's care;
Nor Heaven itself a home for Him
Were not His mother there."

Tradition tells us that she died at Jerusalem, surrounded by a little company of faithful ones, the Apostles and those gentle women who were "last at the cross, first at the tomb."

They buried her in a stately tomb under a wide-spreading Eastern cypress-tree; but when they came on the third day, lo! the tomb was empty! Lilies grew in fragrant loveliness about the spot, strange perfumes lingered in the soft Judean air, and far in the distance floated wondrous sounds as of angelic choirs.

"So in all nature's beauty Her we see
Who from eternity was in God's thought:
The sapphire of the sea reflects Her eyes,
The lilies Her sweet grace and purity;
And song of river, bird, and breeze is fraught
With echoes of Her voice in Paradise."

Among the greatest pictures of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin is one

by the great master Titian, painted by him in the lovely city of Venice. Tiziano Vecellio, the head of the Venetian school of painting, was born at Cape del Cadore, in the Alps, in 1477. When he was a mere boy, he showed such an aptitude for drawing that at the age of ten he was sent to Venice, where he had lessons from Zuccati, the two Bellinis, and the great Giorgione. The latter Titian has been accused of imitating, but the pupil so far surpasses the master that his work cannot be called an imitation.

Among the many great artists who thronged artistic Venice, Titian first came into prominence from the masterly manner in which he completed the picture begun by Giovanni Bellini upon the subject "The Homage of Frederick Barbarossa to Pope Alexander III." Titian

finished this great work in 1512, and from that time the Venetian Senate awarded to him an office and a salary of three hundred crowns annually.

Patronized by the Duke of Ferrara, Titian met many great men at his court, and among them Ariosto, whose portrait he painted. Francis I., always a patron of Art, implored the master to come to France; Charles V. wished him to lend lustre to the Spanish court, and the Holy Father and Raphael invited him to the Eternal City; but Venice was always Titian's chosen abiding-place, and he lived there, beloved and revered by all, until his death of the plague in the year 1576, at the age of ninety-nine. Dead, his memory lives, and Venice and Madrid are rich in his pictures, which are noted for their glorious origi-

nality and power. A luxury of light enriched his canvas; he was accurate in design, fruitful in invention, felicitous in composition, splendid, bold, harmonious in coloring.

Wandering over the Rialto or gliding in black-garbed gondola over the dreamy water-ways of lovely Venice, one can almost fancy one sees Titian's wise and thoughtful face. He was very like the old Doge in his dark robe, a white collar, a huge gold chain of Venetian workmanship, about his neck, as befitted his rank. His noble forehead was crowned by a red velvet cap; his mobile, artistic mouth hidden under a heavy white mustache and venerable beard. The great dark eyes were full of the fire of genius, and a deep line of thought was between the heavy brows. It was a keen face, yet a kindly

one, and Titiano Vecellio, the Venetian, was a wonderful master.

In the famous Academy at Venice, near the picture of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple, still hangs Titian's picture of the Assumption. Those who have once seen it never forget it. The Mother of God, the central figure of the huge canvas, is being wafted into glory, enshrined upon a bank of clouds, surrounded by cherubs, whose seraphic faces beam with light. The Blessed Virgin's form is one of grace and beauty; she is clad in flowing robes, her hands are upraised to Heaven; in her face, so full of purity and saintliness, are awe and rapture, as if she sees afar the glory of her Beloved. Above her God the Father is bending in an attitude of loving welcome; on one side, floating upon the

clouds of Heaven, is a tiny cherub; at the other side an angel with a crown, which is poised above the head of the Virgin Mary.

Upon the ground, with faces uplifted in wonder and worship, are the figures of the Apostles, St. Peter easily discernible with his rugged face, dignified St. Luke, and one more who could not well be absent, —

> "She the mother was of One —
> Christ, her Saviour and her Son.
> And another had she none?
> Yea; her Love's beloved — John."

The chief charm of the picture lies in the intense devotion of each face and figure, and in the exceptionally marvellous coloring. "Had Titian painted nothing else," said an art critic, "he would have been enshrined forever in the Temple of Fame as a God of Painting."

At about the time of Signor Tiziano, there lived in Umbria quite a different person from the great Venetian and yet an equally great painter. Pietro Vannucci was born in 1446 in a little hamlet called Città della Pieve, in the fertile Umbrian hills, where the "yellow Tiber" sweeps along between its picturesque banks. As was the custom in those days, the painter took the name of his favorite city, hence he is known as "Il Perugino," from Perugia.

Of his early life little is known, save that he studied under Andrea Verocchio at Florence and later painted pictures for nearly all the great cities of the time.

In the famous Cappella Sistina at Rome Perugino's fresco of "Christ Giving the Keys to St. Peter" is the finest on the side walls of the chapel, upon the decoration

of which the most noted painters of the world were employed. His work was the only painting allowed to remain when Raphael repainted the Stanza of the Vatican.

Perugino was noted for the tenderness and religious feeling of his pictures, which he executed with what one would call in music a perfect touch. Although his coloring was warm and rich, it was also full of marked refinement and delicacy.

Michael Angelo is said to have spoken somewhat contemptuously of "Il Perugino" (the Little Perugino), and this accounts for Vasari's undervaluing the Umbrian master in his "Lives of the Painters," for Vasari worshipped the genius of Angelo, the wonderful sculptor, who

> "From the sterile womb of stone
> Raised children unto God."

Although some perhaps know the Umbrian painter best as the master of Raphael, still his reputation is established among critics, and his "Assumption," now in the Academy at Florence, is one of the best examples of his style. There is a very striking quaintness and a precision about the picture. At the bottom of the large canvas stand four of the Saints in a straight row, St. Michael's figure being the most prominent. Above, seated upon the clouds, the Blessed Virgin is surrounded by a collection of bodiless cherubs and lovely, graceful angels, four of whom have, respectively, musical instruments,—a harp, violins, and a mandolin.

The early painters had a curious way of costuming their people as in their own day, and it is certain that St. Michael did not wear mediæval armor, nor were man-

dolins invented in the first century A. D. However, these trifling anachronisms are not to be considered when looking at so charming a picture as this of Perugino's, for the attitudes are so graceful, the coloring so perfect, and the whole spirit of religious devotion so marked that one feels lifted upon the mountain-tops of the "splendid, solemn Past," and seems to feel the real soul of a man whose heart

> "Beat to the heavenly tune of Seraphim,
> Whose only joy in having was to impart."

Perugino's portrait, painted by himself, is a wonderful piece of work, and doubly interesting in that it gives us the master's impression of himself as he looks with strangely mysterious brown eyes into the future, while in the background one catches a faint glimpse of a pretty Um-

brian landscape, the towers of the Duomo of San Lorenzo in the dim distance.

In Antwerp, that quaint city whose cathedral spires seem to fairly spring heavenward, in a quiet, stone-flagged street, stands a house not so pretentious as many about it, yet far more noted. It is but three stories in height, its straight windows separated by fluted columns. Above the stone carvings and delicate traceries adorning the middle of the stone balustrade which crowns the roof is the inscription, "Has Edes Illustrissimi Rubeni." It is the house of the far-famed Rubens, whose name lends a lustre of glory to Antwerp, of which that quiet Dutch city little dreamed when first it welcomed the young artist to its walls.

Peter Paul Rubens was born in Westphalia in 1577, and lived in Cologne in

the earlier part of his life. In the shadow of its marvellous cathedral, a poem in stone, the little boy grew up nurtured in the love of the beautiful by all the loveliness he saw about him. During the latter part of Rubens's life he visited nearly all the great courts of Europe, painting the portraits of crowned heads and the nobility. In London he was a universal favorite; in Paris he was the spoiled darling of court ladies, and at the Spanish capital his visits were received with acclamations. His portraits of the noted men of his time are scrupulously correct in every detail, giving one a perfect idea of the dress and costumes of the period.

Sir Joshua Reynolds said of Rubens, "He was perhaps the greatest painter in the mechanical part of the art who ever exercised a pencil;" but he was more

than that. His pictures show energy in action, breadth and brilliance in coloring, and a minute attention to detail. The faults of his work are a too strict adherence to reality, taken in connection with a class of models which did not readily lend itself to idealization. He is accused of being gross and coarse, but he is always vivid, and there is a charming joyousness in his conceptions and his execution.

There is much of this joyous element in his "Assumption," which is now in the Louvre in Paris. The Blessed Virgin is poised in the clouds, with the usual accompaniment of chubby cherubs in fantastic attitudes. These cherubs are painted with a close attention to anatomy, but they are too fat for real artistic beauty, as is also the Baby Christ, who looks out from the shelter of His Mother's arms with

a drollery, roguishness and baby fun very charming, though scarcely Divine.

The beauty of the picture lies in the coloring, for every tint is perfect, and the whole mass of harmonizing hues is wonderfully pleasing to the eye. The face of the Mother of God is perhaps the most expressive of all Rubens's Madonnas; there is sweetness and dignity in her expression, and the contour of her face and figure is less earthly and more refined than in many of the master's efforts.

Rubens is said to have painted the Blessed Virgin from the lineaments of his wife; but very different is the countenance which looks out from the canvas upon which he painted the portraits of himself and his wife, seated in his garden in Antwerp. In a costume rich and rare Madame Rubens sits with her hand in

that of her artist-husband, whose dreamy face seems to be filled with a thoughtful refinement far removed from some of his conceptions.

Of all the great "Assumptions" perhaps the most lovely is one by Correggio, a member of the Parmese school. Antonio Allegri was born at Reggio in 1493, and his father, a tradesman, seeing the talent of the boy, who drew pictures when he was almost a baby, had him educated as an artist. The family was not wealthy, and many were the sacrifices made to enable the young aspirant for fame to succeed in his chosen vocation.

Correggio is noted for a grace, beauty, and softness of effect such as few painters acquire; his *chiaroscuro* is perfect, and his pictures are, in the main, perfect in design, color, taste, and expression. His "La

Notte," in the Dresden Gallery, is the best known of all his pictures, although the "Magdalen" and the "Marriage of St. Catherine" are equally beautiful.

When he first saw Raphael's "St. Cecilia," Correggio, then almost a boy, said impulsively, "Anch'io sono pittore!" (I, too, am a painter); and the time has come when the Parmese is esteemed as highly as Raphael himself. In his own time Correggio was not so highly thought of, and Annibale Carracci wrote: "I rage and weep to think of the fate of this poor Antonio — so great a man — if, indeed, he were not an angel in the flesh."

Correggio's portrait shows him to have been a thoughtful, dreamy person (if one can judge by physiognomy at least), and the best authorities say that he lived a retired life from choice, and was not

neglected, as some of his biographers would have us believe.

His "Assumption" is a miracle of grace and loveliness, with a tone and coloring unrivalled, a delicacy seldom seen even in the best touch of the old masters, and a harmony of design and perfection of detail with a genuine religious feeling which makes this picture one of the most devotional ever painted.

Correggio died in 1534, a simple, kindly, unaffected soul, thinking little of the world and Fame, and yet he is one of the

"Choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;
Live in scorn for miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search to vaster issues."

"The Painter of Heaven"

"The Painter of Heaven"

IN the quaint old church of La Magdalena — destroyed by Soult's soldiers in 1810 — the painter was baptized, and the old record reads:

"Bartolemé Estevan Murillo,
Born in 1617. Baptized in
La Magdalena on
New Year's Day.
1618."

His family was good but very poor, and his parents, with true Spanish piety, wished him to become a priest. They soon saw, however, that for this he had no vocation, for the little dark-haired lad covered all his school books with drawings and

made sketches on the whitewashed walls of his tiny bedchamber.

His father decided that if he was to follow his natural bent, he must be an artist, and accordingly placed Murillo under the tutelage of Juan del Castillo, his uncle. This great man had studied Art in the fair city by the Arno, and brought from the Florentine school chaste designing and cold, pure coloring. From him Murillo learned purity of conception and dignity of arrangement, and his own genius supplied later the warmth of coloring and glowing imagery which, with his fervid imagination and deep religious feeling, made him the greatest painter of mediæval Spain.

In personal appearance Murillo was very attractive, with long, floating dark hair crowning a high and noble forehead,

eyes dark and deep, with the fire of genius burning within them, and a thoughtful, mobile, and kindly expression.

There were in fair Seville, gleaming upon the Guadalquivir's banks like a topaz in a silver setting, three schools of painting. One was presided over by Castillo, one by Herrera, and the third by Pacheco, art critic of the Inquisition, and the teacher of Alonzo Cano and Velasquez.

The pupils were taught grouping, coloring, and exactness by means of *bodegones*, — small pictures of game, fruit, and vegetables which were sold for signs to tavern-keepers in Andalusia, and many of these were wrought by Murillo's brush.

Students posed for each other, — they were too poor to have models, — and the

teachers held their classes in their own homes.

When Castillo moved to Cadiz in 1640, Murillo, left without master or patron, poor, his parents dead, turned to the *Feria* for his support.

The *Feria* was a weekly market held in the *plaza* in front of the church of All Saints, and it was visited by peasants, gypsies, monks, and dozens of impecunious artists. These poor fellows were forced to earn a few *pesetas* by any means in their power. Often they would paint a picture to order, while the buyer waited and haggled over the price. These paintings "while you wait" were scarcely of the highest order, and in after years the phrase "una pintura de Feria," when applied to an artist, was used as a term of reproach.

If the painter happened to have the wrong Saint on hand, it was easy enough for the facile brush to turn St. Christopher into St. Isidore, or a St. Anthony into the Holy Souls.

These votive paintings were sent to Mexico or South America by merchants, who sold them to the poor churches of the New World where devotion exceeded resources.

One excellent result of the *Feria* was that the artists learned a bold, off-hand dexterity, which, when supplemented by good instruction later, developed into marked facility. Such was the case with the young Murillo, and in 1642, when his friend Moya returned from Flanders, fired by the wonderful stories of the painters of the Van Dyck school, the Sevillian determined to go abroad to study, and

made enough at the *Feria* to pay his expenses as far as Madrid.

There, befriended by the great Velasquez, Murillo found access to the galleries of the *Buen Retiro* and the Escorial, meeting Zurbaran, Pereda, Cano, and many other famous artists.

He remained in Madrid till 1645, spending his time in the closest study of the great masters, copying their works and drawing and modelling from life, so that his warmth of coloring might be coupled with correctness of design.

He then returned to his beloved Seville, always a favorite place with the artist, and it is no wonder that so fair a city could enthrall the beauty-loving mind of a painter. Even in romantic Spain there was little to compare with Seville, — city of churches and palaces; of a cathedral

unequalled by any in the world for Gothic tracery, shadowy arch, and stately aisles. Richer than San Marco's *Campanile* or Giotto's far-famed tower beside the Arno is Seville's Giralda, the graceful Moorish clock-tower whose arabesques and Saracenic traceries smite the blue sky like filigrees of frost enchantment. More brilliant still gleams the Golden Tower beside the rippling Guadalquivir, where the orange-laden gardens of the Alcazar breathe fragrance and freshness and

> "There is a clue
> Of some strange meaning in the rose-scent rare."

> "He who has not visited Seville
> Has not visited a marvel,"

boasts the proud Sevillian, and Murillo loved every stone in its walls, every nook and corner of "la terra della Santissima."

The *Maestro's* first great work was upon

the walls of the noble convent of the Franciscans, near the Casa del Ayuntamiento. Three years he spent upon these pictures, portraying St. Francis, St. Diego of Alcalá, and many others; and this was the beginning of his fame. The pictures were painted in his first manner, the *frio* (cold), and this is far from being as beautiful as his later styles, the *calido* (warm) or the *vaporoso* (misty).

Unlike that of many artists, Murillo's married life was peculiarly happy. His wife was Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayar, a woman of birth and wealth, and she presided over his home with grace and dignity, bearing him three children, Gabriel, Gaspar, and Francesca, who became a nun. Several of Murillo's most beautiful Madonnas are copied from the high-bred, patrician features of his

wife, and his sons often posed for the Baby Our Lord and little St. John.

About the time of his marriage Murillo painted his great "St. Anthony of Padua and the Infant Jesus," a picture now in the Seville Museum. The flowers in this picture remind us of one of the stories of Murillo's lilies. They were so naturally painted, so lifelike upon the canvas, that some one said to a Frenchman that the birds flew in at the Cathedral to peck at the canvas flowers.

"*Vraiment!*" said the scoffing Gaul. "Then the Saint must be very badly painted or the birds would be afraid of him."

"Not so, Señor," said the Spaniard, quickly. "How it may be in your country, in truth, I know not, but in Spain birds and monks get on very well together!"

One of Murillo's critics has said that his St. Anthony's flesh tints were so perfect that they seemed to have been painted *con sangre y leche*.[1]

Although the technique is wonderful, it is the spirit of the picture at which one most marvels, — a spiritual atmosphere breathed in every line, — and this is shown in all Murillo's religious work. He was one who

"Strove in want and toil and cold neglect
To show a heedless world, with brush and pen
And chisel, fragments of their vision fair,
And to interpret to their fellow-men
The deepest passions of the human heart; —
These now are blessed with clearer light, and know
The full fruition of their earthly dreams,
And loftier raptures of creative joy."

It is not surprising that an artist should paint spiritual pictures who never began a

[1] With blood and milk.

religious picture without fasting, praying, and even scourging himself, lest he portray aught displeasing to God or calculated to lower instead of elevate the morals.

Murillo followed the advice of that old archbishop who wrote in quaint black letter :

> **" When that an ymage Maker shall kerve, caste in mould or peynte ony images, he shall go to a prieste, and Shrive him as clean as if he should than dye, and take penance, and make some certyn vow of fasting, or of prayinge, or of Pilgrimage-doinge; praiynge the priest especially to praye for hym, that he may have grace to make a faire and devoute ymage."**

Very different from his lovely and lovable " St. Anthony," with its warm, clear tones, its cherubs, its light and flowers, is

a picture scarcely less celebrated, the "San Juan de Dios."

The "Father of the Poor," or, as Andalusians call him, the "Good Samaritan of Granada," is robed in a dark cowl, and stands in the pillared portico of a church. At his feet kneels or crouches a cripple, his pitiful face upraised, as if beseeching the Saint to lay his hands upon and heal him. In the background two novices with sweet boyish faces watch the scene, and the distance shows a motley crowd of maimed and halt, gathered about a one-time cripple, who, by means of the saint's intercession, is walking without his crutches.

The play of light and shade in the picture is marvellous, the contrasts wonderful, the execution fine, the coloring superb, the accessories well carried out; but it is

the face of San Juan which first catches, then holds the attention. It is so strong, so pure, so pitying, so noble, that once seen it is always remembered. The handling of the painting somewhat recalls the style of Lo Spagnoletto, but its spirit and essence are *Maestro* Murillo's own.

Similar in expression yet different in conception is Murillo's "El Tinoso," removed from Seville by Soult — the Vandal! — and now in the Madrid Gallery. Queenly St. Elizabeth of Hungary, a white tissue veil upon her crowned head, bends to wash the sores of a leper. About her are groups of disgustingly diseased beggars, while her court ladies hover in the background, one sweetly sympathetic, another half wondering, half disgusted.

This picture illustrates the contrast of life which the master loved to portray, — illness and health, squalor and brilliance, hauteur and the spirit of penitential charity so dear to the Spanish heart.

Of this painting Caen Bermudez said that the Queen Elizabeth was equal to Van Dyke's best work, the boy's face was worthy of Paul Veronese, and the old woman recalled Velasquez.

The queenly chastity of St. Elizabeth is little like the glowing beauty of Murillo's Magdalene. This famous picture — now in the Madrid Gallery — is especially wonderful in its warmth of coloring and in a certain tragic intensity. One very much wonders where Murillo found his model for the picture. The Magdalene is not at all of the customary type. She is

more like the Italian penitents of Guido Reni or Titian, not Andalusian, scarcely Spanish. She is painted in the master's best manner, in the *calido* style, and is as marvellous in an artistic way, and also in expressing devotion, as any of his religious paintings.

Murillo did not confine himself to the higher classes for his types. As a *genre* painter he was celebrated, and many of his best pictures, from a purely artistic point of view, are of scenes from low life. To his artistic soul all nature was abundantly supplied with beauty, and he saw as many possibilities in the *lazzaroni* upon the Guadalquivir's quays, the flower-girls, ruffians, gypsies, and ragamuffins of the old market, as in high-born *señora* or gay *caballero*.

Whether he painted beggars or cherubs,

children are among his best efforts. His peasant boys are especially famous, and none of the pictures of these is more charming than the "Fruit Sellers." The happy little scoundrels — Spanish gamins are always happy — are lolling in the sun, a puppy beside them, a basket of oranges their food. One is about to swallow a bit of meat, — refuse from some great house, — and the dog looks wistful, while the other boy smiles tranquilly, sure that his turn will come next. Both faces wear the gay *insouciance* of the Andalusian. They are lads who thank you as prettily when you do not give them a copper, with "Perdrone, por el amor de Dios,"[1] as when you give them a *parita*. The children are typical *amis des peuples*, careless, merry, dirty if you

[1] Pardon, for the love of God.

will, but *n'importe!* they are happy: the sun shines,

> "God 's in His heaven,
> All 's well with the world."

Very unlike these jocund, earthly little fellows are Murillo's portrayals of St. John the Baptist, one of the *Maestro's* favorite subjects. In the "St. John" in the Madrid Museum, Our Lord dips up in a shell water from the brook and gives it to the boy Saint, a sweet expression of solicitude on His dear little face. St. John carries His cross and a scroll with the words, "Behold the Lamb of God," while a lamb crouches at his bare feet, and sweet baby angels hover above the peaceful scene.

Different, yet equally touching, is the solitary "St. John of the Lamb." Alone in the wilderness, carrying his cross stur-

dily, the forerunner of the Messiah stands protecting with his baby arm the lamb—symbolizing the Lamb of God. In his earnest eyes there lingers not a trace of self, and he seems to be

> "A soul alight with purest flame of love,
> A heart aglow with sweetest charity,
> A mind all filled—and this is rarity—
> With even balanced thoughts, his eye above
> Yet sees the earth in its dread verity."

The custom still prevails in Seville for each family to buy a live lamb for its Easter feast, decorate it with flowers, and display it in the *patio*, in memory of Our Lord.

"St. John with the Lamb" is one of the most exquisitely faultless paintings in the world, but still lovelier are the *Maestro's* pictures of Our Lord as a child. Of these one of the most remarkable rep-

resents Our Lord as alone in a rocky wilderness. His little feet are bare, cut and bleeding from the rough paths. His lithe boyish figure, bathed in light, is well defined against a dark Spanish background. The exquisite boy face, so spiritual and so tender, is raised, the eyes gazing heavenward as if seeing things strange to mortal ken. The sweet lips are slightly parted, brown curls frame the wistful countenance with its wise and rapt expression, and above the Child-God the dove — symbol of the Holy Spirit — hovers gently, while a nimbus of heavenly light irradiates the form.

Of all Murillo's paintings of the Child-God, this is the most replete with that spirituality which was the key-note of the painter's being, for he was one who

"Reached fame's goal
And left us glory shining from his soul."

His was a wonderfully pure life, and his pictures are but the exponent of his rare soul. He died in 1682, and was buried in the church of Santa Cruz, beneath Campana's picture of the "Descent from the Cross," — the painting before which Murillo had been wont to sit for hours, gazing with tears in his great brown eyes, waiting, as he said to a friend, "until those holy men have taken down Our Lord."

His will, a quaint document, showed the real spirit of the man. After a deposition as to his sanity, he says: "Firstly I offer and commit my soul to God Our Lord, who created and redeemed it with the Infinite price of His blood, of whom I humbly supplicate to pardon it and bear

it to peace and glory;" and then follow his bequests to his family, charities, *et cetera.*

"VIVE, MORITVRVS"

they carved upon his tomb, and few men have lived or died better than this Spanish painter. Nothing more worthy can be said of him than Viardot's words:

"Murillo comes up in every respect to what our imagination could hope or conceive. His earthly daylight is perfectly natural and true; his heavenly day is full of radiance.

"If in scenes taken from human life he equals the greatest colorists, he is alone in the imaginary scenes of eternal life. It might be said of the two great Spanish masters, that Velasquez is the painter of earth, Murillo of heaven."

The Painter of the Virgin

The Painter of the Virgin

THE Spaniard in quaint, fanciful fashion ever lovingly names the great ones of his native land, showing, by a sort of familiar, affectionate nomenclature, his pride and tenderness for them. Cervantes he dubs the "Prince of Jesters," Lope de Vega is named the "King of Dramatists," and Murillo, whom every Spaniard loves as his own soul, is called "El Pintor del Virgen." Painter of the Virgin! a beautiful name and well deserved, for all his life Murillo loved to bring the weight of his genius to bear upon the portrayals of the Blessed Virgin.

Many other subjects he painted; especially did he enjoy bringing in the accessories of that nature which he loved.

"He alone
The sunshine and the shadow and the dew
Had shared alike with leaf and flower and stem;
Their life had been his lesson, and from them
A dream of immortality he drew,
As in their fate foreshadowing his own."

His St. Anthonys are famous; his beggars are marvellous pieces of *genre;* his cherubs and *niños* are enchanting; but much as he loved them all — and he lent the divine fire of his genius to nothing save *con amore* — his whole soul went out to the painting of his Madonnas.

Classic as was his taste, he never permitted himself to paint a mythological subject. He did not leave us

"Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid."

Patriotic as was his soul, he did not lend his brush to the portrayal of Spain's greatness, though the splendid conquests of Ferdinand and Isabella in the Moorish Wars and the romantic episodes of the discovery of the New World offered him an endless variety of picturesque subjects.

A religious painter *par excellence*, Murillo's devotion to the sweet Mother of God shows itself in his many paintings of her, for during his life he painted nearly every scene in her career. As a child he pictures her the very personification of artless innocence.

A charming painting is in the Museum at Valladolid, where the lovely little maid of about five years is led by St. Joachim. She bears a lily branch, — this lily among thorns, — her little skirts are modestly

held, and she is the very picture of a dainty little princess, reminding one of the Spanish peasant's idea that the Blessed Virgin was of pure Castilian birth. Her expression is one of artless innocence, and there is about her a grace and dignity and a charming air of good breeding, though not so much thoughtfulness as in the picture where St. Anne is represented as teaching her to read.

This charming scene hangs upon the walls of the Madrid Museum of the Prado, and is one of Murillo's best works. St. Anne, a womanly, dignified figure, is seated in the shadow of a pillar, at one side of the picture, in a dense gloom, which throws the opposite side of the canvas into correspondingly strong relief. This was a favorite method of Murillo's when he wished to give emphasis to one figure

above another. In this case the figure of the Blessed Virgin is clearly outlined and almost enwrapped in light which seems to fall upon her in a refulgent shower direct from the clouds above, whence lovely cherubs descend with a crown of roses. The accessories of the picture, the soft Spanish exterior, the dignified form of the Saintly Mother, all are charming, yet subservient to the lovely little figure of the Lily Maid of Judea. She is such a little princess in her trailing robes, yet so meekly sweet, so gently thoughtful:

> "Child-simple, undefiled,
> Frank, obedient, waiting still
> On the turnings of His will."

The wistful little face, attuned to heavenly wisdom, is framed in dark floating hair; the tiny finger points to her

place in the Sacred Book from which all Jewish maids learned to read, while the deep, dark eyes seem to see strange visions, as the mother explains some hidden prophecy of scripture. Perhaps some inkling of her great destiny stirred in that childish heart, for she was "wise beyond her years and full of knowledge."

The thoughtful childhood grew to pensive youth, for in Murillo's wonderful painting of the Annunciation[1] we see the Jewish maiden portrayed in all her perfect beauty, her childish innocence merged into true maidenliness, as she kneels in meek submission at the message of the angel.

Still is she of the dark Spanish type (there are those who say that Murillo's wife — the stately, lovely Sevilliana —

[1] See page 150.

posed for these dark-haired Madonnas), and she seems to have been surprised at the homely task of mending the family linen, for it lies beside her in a panier upon the floor, — the angel having called her "to rise from earthly dreams to hymn eternity."

She was such a child, the poor little Our Lady, meeting the great mystery alone, yet not alone, for Murillo has given her hosts of angels to comfort her, and the perfect submission in her wistful face shows that the good God was with her as well, and that His grace was sufficient for her.

But lovingly as the *Maestro* painted the varied scenes in the life of the Blessed Virgin, there was one which was dearer to him than any other, — the Immaculate Conception.

In the year of the artist's birth Paul V. issued his famous bull, forbidding attacks on the dearest dogma of the Church in Spain. All the country was in an ecstasy of joy.

> "Earth wore the surplice at morn,
> As pure as the vale's stainless lily,
> For Mary, the sinlessly born."

Henceforth Art was enriched by the portraying of this belief upon canvases, bathed in almost heavenly light and by brushes sanctified by prayer.

Into this atmosphere of religious fervor Murillo was born, and here he was bred.

> "His Spirit gave
> A fragrance to all nature and a tone
> To inexpressive silence;"

and it is not surprising that a painter who formed an art school the pupils of which

met with the salutation "Praised be the most Holy Sacrament and the pure conception of Our Lady," should have painted pictures of this marvellous belief in a marvellous manner.

The *Maestro's* numerous paintings of the Conception have many points of similarity, yet each one is distinctive. The Blessed Virgin is depicted as young, very beautiful, with an expression of perfect purity and innocence. Generally the face is of the rich Spanish type of Andalusia, oval, with the brows arched and wide apart, brown hair floating about her face, she has regular features, and is clad in cloudy draperies of soft blue and white. Frequently she stands upon the crescent (symbolizing the conquest of Spanish Christianity over the Moors), and her figure is given full length. Thus it is in

the Seville "Conception," and in the well-known painting in the Dresden Gallery. A particularly beautiful picture is in the Museum of the Prado, in Madrid. Here the half figure only is shown, the crescent encircling it, and above are charming cherubs, hovering lovingly about the fair form of the Mother of God. This Virgin differs from many in having dark instead of light brown hair. Pacheco, when familiar of the Inquisition, laid down the law that the Blessed Virgin should "be light-haired, modestly attired, and in no case should her feet be uncovered," but Pacheco was no more when *El Maestro* painted his wonderful Conceptions, and the Sevillian artist was wont to set at defiance hard and fast rules, painting according to his own sweet will. So pure was his nature, and so fervently did he

dip his brush in prayer, that one finds always a peculiar spirituality about his religious paintings, however at variance they may seem with the preconceived notions of his predecessors.

The most famous "Conception," that in the Louvre, represents the Blessed Virgin as slightly older than the sweetly wistful maiden surrounded by cherubs. Magnificent brown hair streams upon her shoulders, her hands are folded upon her breast, her splendid draperies float about her, her eyes are cast upward, and an expression of sadness and inexpressible resignation rests upon her features.

Murillo was unlike Raphael, Botticelli, Fra Felippo Lippi, and many other religious painters in not adhering to one type for his pictures of the Blessed

Virgin. His Virgin of the Conception is of a spiritual type, his Virgin of the Napkin more earthly, that of La Hague a thoughtful, brown-haired, intellectual creature. He particularly fancied the Spanish style which Moorish blood had touched, and painted many lovely Madonnas, dark-haired, oval-faced, placid, sweet, with full lips, straight noses, arched brows, and a certain life about them, which seems to bespeak the loving, earthly mother as well as the Virgin Queen.

Such a one is in the "Holy Family," a charming picture, painted in Murillo's best style, and showing a marvellous *chiaroscuro*. God, the Father, surrounded by cherubs, blesses the group from the clouds above, and the dove of the Spirit is hovering over the head of Our Lord.

The Blessed Virgin holds her Son lovingly, upon her face an expression of motherly pride and exaltation. At her feet are St. Elizabeth and St. John the Baptist with a lamb, the boy Saint holding up his staff for the Baby Our Lord to play with. On the faces of the three there is eager interest, worship, and deep devotion. As all eyes are turned toward Christ, so all the light and color of the picture is centred upon Him. He is the darlingest baby ever painted, but, oh, how much more! His little rounded limbs, his chubby hands, his wee, smiling face, are exquisitely moulded, charmingly natural; but the thoughtfulness of the face, the depths of the eyes which see far more than mere human vision, the resignation of the hands which grasp the cross, — all this tells of more than

babyhood, — it is the mystery of the God-man made a child for us.

Painting generally the more glorious scenes of Our Lady's life, Murillo did not forget the more sorrowful ones. He has a "Mater Dolorosa" which is pitiful in the resigned sadness of the lovely face. It reminds us of the lines, —

> "The Star that in His splendor hid her own
> At Christ's nativity
> Abides — a widowed satellite — alone
> On tearful Calvary."

This Madonna is of the more regular type of Murillo's "Conceptions;" indeed, at times it seems as if he could not have painted it, so Italian is the pure outline, yet that it is an original Murillo there is no doubt, and it is rarely beautiful in rich, subdued coloring.

In the same gallery with his finest

"Conception" is the "Assumption of the Virgin" — one of Murillo's greatest works. Floating aloft on a bank of clouds, entrancing baby forms hover about the Blessed Virgin, a flying bit of drapery, floating over the half moon, conceals her feet, and makes her seem as if being wafted heavenward. Her hands are folded across her breast, her eyes raised to heaven. The attitude and pose are similar to that in the "Conception;" indeed the picture may readily be mistaken for a "Conception," save that the face is more mature than that of the Jewish maiden, the portrayal of whose great mystery won for *El Maestro* the title *El Pintor del Conceptiones*.

Such are some of the Madonnas of the greatest Spanish artist, a noble and beautiful soul, who, dying, left a rich

legacy to posterity, in the marvellous works of art which, like

> "Finger marks
> Along the ways of time, may lead
> Us all to higher things,"

and whom all who love Our Lady should refer to lovingly as "The Painter of the Virgin."

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Saint Anthony in art.

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